

BEST GAY EROTICA 2012

Series Editor

RICHARD LABONTÉ

Selected and Introduced by

LARRY DUPLECHAN



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FOREWORD: GOOD WRITING, GOOD WANKING: THAT'S THE GOAL

By the end of 2012, I'll have edited some forty anthologies for three publishers, more than thirty of them for Cleis Press, which set me on the unintentional career path of porn when I was asked by Felice Newman and Frédérique Delacoste to assemble, on short notice, the second collection in the *BGE* series, *Best Gay Erotica* 1997.

I like them all, the hot anthologies and the rough anthologies, the bearish anthologies and the Daddy anthologies, the coming-out anthologies and the buff- and beautiful-boy anthologies; a couple of hundred different contributors, hundreds and hundreds of stories, hundreds of thousands of words; lots and lots of cocks and passion, butts and lust, cum and love.

But I like the books in this pioneering series the best, because I share assembling the table of contents with writers who appreciate a well-turned phrase, a well-wrought image, a well-cast character (as do I), but who also bring a fresh set of eyes and a different taste in fetish and fantasy than merely mine to selecting the "bests."

The colleagues I invite to judge the stories—among them, over the years, Christopher Bram, Felice Picano, William J. Mann, Emanuel Xavier, Blair Mastbaum, Kirk Read and Timothy J. Lambert—aren't themselves primarily writers of erotica, though they all certainly know their way around a set of cock and balls; what they share is an appreciation for the goose-bump combination of good writing and good storytelling.

The erotic is always the intent with this series, yes indeed, but every year I ask my guest judge to look for those goose bumps—to balance craftsmanship with cocksmanship, selecting stories with two standards in mind, the literary and the erotic. Or, as this year's judge, Larry Duplechan, notes in his introduction: "I applied a two-tiered criterion: a basic ten-scale for overall writing (How good is this story as a story?); and one to five boners (How good is this story as wank fodder?)." Good writing, good wanking: that's the goal with all of my anthologies.

But it's always a pleasure to have writers—whose own work I've relished over my four decades of reading queer lit—share their sensibility and their insight with me in reaching that goal.

Richard Labonté Bowen Island, British Columbia

INTRODUCTION: EATING A FUNK SUNDAE: NEWEROTICA, OLD PORN AND "FAP" LIKE THAT

In spite of having written it on occasion, I don't read much fiction; gay fiction even less; and gay erotica even less than that. My taste in pleasure reading runs to nonfiction—biography, history, theology. True, there was a time when I did read a certain amount of gay erotic fiction: back in my teens and early twenties (this was the midto-late 1970s, by the way), I was quite a fan of the old "one-handers," those little porn novels (sometimes sparsely illustrated, sometimes not at all) with titles like Biker's Boy, Trucker's Load and Horny Seaman—indifferently written, short on plot and character development, long on purple prose describing purple-headed penises.

After a year or two, I graduated to Gordon Merrick's *The Lord Won't Mind* series: larger books, hardcover; the plot and character development marginally better than *Trucker's Load*, the prose and the penises just as purple. By the mid-1980s, I was writing gay fiction myself—at least in part as a small black man's reaction to the six-foot-tall Rinso-white protagonists of Merrick's oeuvre. And modesty aside, I think I write about sex rather well, which makes me something of a tough room when it comes to fiction that purports both to tell a story and get the reader hot under the waistband of his tighty-whities.

So when my old buddy (and longtime Larry Duplechan booster) Richard Labonté invited me to judge *Best Gay Erotica 2012*, my initial reaction was: "Suffer through thirty or forty badly written fuck stories for a few bucks and my name on another book cover? I think not." Happily, I reconsidered. In your hand (and I'm assuming you're leaving one hand free) you hold the cream (all *entendres* intended) of recent dude-on-dude-action short fiction. In choosing these stories, I applied a two-tiered criterion: a basic ten-scale for overall writing (How good is this story as a story?); and one to five boners (How good is this story as wank fodder?). The included baker's dozen short stories, and one luscious lagniappe of a minicomic book, all rated high in both categories.

Obviously, there are only so many ways for an author to get fictional characters introduced, established and ejaculating, in twenty pages or less. With a story whose chief *raison* is the description of two or more men engaging in sexual activity—as the old song says: "It ain't what you do (it's the way that you do it)." In "Training Tyler," Jace Barton takes that hoariest of plots—making it with the "straight" roommate (which storyline I believe originated in Greece, sometime during the fourth century BCE)—and makes it

seem very nearly fresh, applying a light, humorous touch and a delicious sensuality. Anthony McDonald turns a similar scenario into a three-way Highland fling, complete with Scots accents, kilts and considerable foreskin, in "Delivering the Goods"; while Tony Pike gives us Brit boys bunking together on holiday on the Cornish coast in 1976 in "Three Boys and a Boat—or Possibly Five," with an exponential increase in partners, positions and (naturally) purpleheaded penises.

David May flips the "Daddy breaks boy" scenario in "Commerce: A Not Very Cautionary Tale," in which the entrepreneurial "boy" breaks "Daddy," a veteran porn star, to the betterment of both men's respective careers. In "The Robin Club," David Holly weaves the World War II-era tale of a group of teenage comic book geeks who create a private sex club, and a peculiar sort of family, behind a clubhouse door with a No GIRLS ALLOWED sign on it. The result is as touching as *Stand By Me*, and as sexy as an orgy-by-the-pool DVD by Hot House: the only story here that made me hard and also made me cry.

As previously confessed, I currently read very little gay erotic fiction. Which is not to say I don't read any at all. Over the past several years, I have become a huge fan of gay erotic comic books: the incomparable hard-core raunch of the "Big Sig" series by Bill Schmeling, aka The Hun; the candy-colored priapics of the Class Comics line (particularly the adventures of preposterously hung space heroes by the great Patrick Fillion; and various Japanese bara manga (erotic comics created by and for gay men, featuring brickmuscled manly-men; as opposed to the willowy, huge-eyed, lady-boys of the made-for-schoolgirls comics known as vaoi), from the lighthearted sex-frolics of Jiraiya to the dark, S/M-heavy works of Gen Tagame. For me and my fellow comic geeks, "Touched" is a special treat—a hard rock fantasy, story by Dale Lazarov (of the STICKY, MANLY and NIGHTLIFE books), told entirely in pictures by Kardyman. Side note: In gay sex comics translated from the Japanese, the sound of male masturbation is most often rendered "fap fap fap." The term has seeped its way into the household lexicon between my husband and me, both as a sound effect and as a verb: I fap, you fap, we all be fappin'.

I feel oddly compelled to mention Jock Ripper's "For Jordan," for a nom de smut that actually caused me to say, "Oh, no she didn't," (though that was before the author opted to use his nom de real), and "Your Jock," by Simon Sheppard, for broadening my personal horizons concerning uses for raw eggs, and for my single favorite metaphor in all of these stories: "Eating a funk sundae."

I would encourage you all to kick back with this book and the personal lubricant of your choice, and enjoy; but I am confident that you will reach that decision with no encouragement from me. You bought the book, after all.

Fap on, bros.

Larry Duplechan Los Angeles, California

COMMERCE: A NOT VERY CAUTIONARY TALE

David May

You don't feel like a man till you leave some money on the bed.

-Warren Miller

"Hey, look, Joe, it's Ben Bohner!"

Randy was used to being recognized, and had learned to accept the usual adulation accorded porn stars with a cheerful nod, responding verbally only when required.

"Ben Dover? That's not Ben Dover!"

"Not Ben Dover, Ben Bohner! You know, the top! See, over there?"

"Yeah, right. Man he's hot."

"You gonna talk to him, Rock?"

"Sure as hell gonna try. I was jerking off to him since middle school!"

Walking through this particular Chicago hotel on Memorial Day Weekend, its lobby rank with leather and pheromones and crackling with sexual energy, Randy hoped that the presence of a plethora of more recently popular porn stars wouldn't overshadow his ability to work. He hadn't realized until recently that he was an icon, a remnant from a fabled golden age that younger men looked upon with romantic notions of the fight for freedoms that they now took for granted. Randy had been a Pioneer in Porn, one of a handful of stars that successfully made the transition to video in the 1980s. It surprised him to learn he was still admired for something he had done not for the fame but for the mere fun of being paid to fuck.

"Hey, Bohner? My name's Rock, short for Rockland—don't ask. Hey, I just wanted to say I think you're the hottest man that ever did porn, man."

Randy turned to the young man, barely more than a boy at first glance. Rock's smile was genuine, shared with Randy as much out of

respect for his elder as for the thrill of meeting the famous Ben Bohner. In his blond crew cut and neat moustache (worn without the irony with which he wore a Cub Scout cap backward on his head), the tailored blue T-shirt with FUCK DADDY.COM printed in yellow letters, his combat boots and Nasty Pig jeans, Rock was an homage to Randy's misspent youth: the post-plague incarnation of the clone. Randy smiled, reached for the offered hand.

"Thanks, son. It feels good to be appreciated."

"Okay, that gave me wood, Dad."

"What did?"

"You called me son. Here, feel."

Rock put Randy's hand on his groin, where a substantial erection was forcing its way beneath the denim. Randy took a deep breath. He rarely found himself so well matched, and more rarely was he impressed with the girth and length of another man's member.

"Damn, son. You're as big as me."

"Fuck, yeah, Dad. Gotta kiss you now, motherfucker."

* * *

Randy's career had been an accident, as these things frequently are. Having left his family's farm in Nebraska, he headed to San Francisco on the strength of the Village People's coded proclamation of the City's alleged Freedom. His family embraced his departure with more relief than goodwill and Randy was freed of any of the familial restraints that had hindered his happiness. On the Greyhound he had sex for the first time, with a man some twenty years older who stank of mentholated cigarettes but was able to service Randy's huge cock with more expertise than Randy would encounter for years to come. So wonderful was the pleasure afforded by the man, who removed his teeth before sucking, that Randy returned again and again to the toilet in the back of the bus to be brought to that same joyous conclusion. He waved to the older man when he got off at Bakersfield, leaving Randy to the ministrations of his own two hands.

When he arrived at the seedy Greyhound Station in San Francisco, he took what little money he had to the YMCA, and after a shower and a hand job from another resident, set out in the pursuit of a job. Fortune smiling on him, he was quickly hired (an able-bodied young man not strung out on drugs) washing dishes at the Zim's on Market Street and Van Ness, a job he neither relished nor dreaded. From there he was promoted to busboy, enabling him to share a room in a residency club with a closeted Christian in his thirties, a man whose time was split between street preaching and sucking dick in Tenderloin peep shows. When the man was arrested for public lewdness, his disappearance from the club went unnoticed until someone came to remove his personal effects. What was not taken

was a roll of bills hidden beneath the bathroom sink, the man's life savings that were only discovered by Randy when the tape gave way and the bills spilled to the tiled floor. Randy now had enough money to get an apartment of his own, a flea-bitten furnished studio on Larkin Street that felt like the height of luxury to someone whose days were spent earning just enough money to live while getting laid as often as possible.

The truth was he was far from handsome. Only his smile, now emphasized by the required moustache, disguised his plainness and made him appealing to those who saw past the bent nose and irregular ears (now hidden by the ubiquitous shaggy haircut) to the laughing blue eyes and enthusiasm for fleshly pleasures.

It was when he decided to join the migration to the Castro that he took a second job in one of the many dirty bookstores situated along Polk Street. He worked from eleven in the evening until four in the morning, giving him twelve hours to sleep, eat and fuck before he was called back to Zim's the next afternoon. It had been less than a year, but Randy had already become something of a fixture on the street, at the baths, or perched high atop the desk that looked over the narrow aisles crowded with pornography and silent strangers making furtive purchases. The neighborhood boys were less circumspect, asking loudly for dildos, poppers or cock rings with the kind of aplomb that came from liberty mistaken for license. These men he served cheerfully, just as he served the frightened suburbanites with discreet, judgment-free silence.

One of these furtive men, a frequent customer, hovered quietly near Randy's perch until they were alone for some minutes before asking: "How much?"

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"Which brand?"
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"Uh, your brand."

"I like Crypt."

"No, not poppers. You. How much for you? I wanna..."

"Want to?"

"Suck it. How much to suck it?"

"I never..."

"Hey, I'll give you fifty, but only 'cause I know how big it is. I seen it at the tubs. Fifty to let me suck it. Ten more if you cum."

Fifty dollars was fifty dollars, a third of his current month's rent, a quarter of the rent he'd pay in the Castro. Randy agreed to the transaction with a nod and led the man into the back. The man knelt like an acolyte and unbuttoned Randy's Levi's. Ten minutes later Randy had sixty dollars in his pocket and a satisfied smile on his face. It had never crossed his mind that he could sell what he frequently gave away, and new possibilities presented themselves.

Walking down Polk Street, he observed the boys working the street and saw them as largely effeminate, sad, almost lifeless; smiling only when potential customers appeared on the street, and then showing the ravages of dental neglect and chronic drug abuse. To succeed, Randy reasoned, he would have to be what they were not: strong, masculine, approachable and friendly. His smile, he had come to realize, was the reason for much of his success thus far, and that it would carry him farther he had no doubt.

At first his sex work was incidental. Wearing the tightest jeans possible, he smiled at the men passing in automobiles and was sometimes motioned over. The slight drawl he had tried to erase since his arrival in San Francisco, he now emphasized when negotiating fees, learning that an accent from the outer reaches made him both exotic and slightly threatening, an unknown quantity whose mystery was worth the risk.

"Are you working?"

"Sure am. What can I do for you?"

"Is that package you're showing all you?"

"Every last damn inch of it, pal."

"How much?"

"Fifty."

"Fifty? You gotta be kidding me!"

"If you don't think the tool's worth the price, I'll find another guy who does."

Most of the time, the customer agreed to the price. It was only when he had the fifty dollars in hand and the stranger was trying to wrap his mouth around Randy's humongous member, that the client was informed that Randy's ejaculate would cost another twenty dollars, payment in advance. Yet he was generous, willing to kiss and happy to comply with whatever fantasy was tentatively suggested. He remained affable unless asked to be otherwise. He took to wearing cowboy boots and a leather jacket, and to walking with a swagger. Soon he had enough to move to an apartment right on Eighteenth and Castro streets, a small, dark one-bedroom on the lowest floor. Better yet, he got hired at the Neon Chicken across the street. There he bussed tables or tended the bar. He joined City Athletic Club, took to wearing flannel shirts year round and, only on the rarest of occasions, found reason to head north of Buena Vista Park, west of Twin Peaks, south of Harrison Street or east of the Opera House. He was one of many men, a community of men convinced they had reinvented the world. A few years later someone dismissed them with the quip: Castro Clones.

"If that bulge is for real, you should be in movies."

"Every damn inch of it."

"Meat or potatoes?"

"Plenty of both, buddy."

"Here's my card. Seriously. Call me. I'll put you in pictures.

You'll make some money, too. But what'll we call you?"

Randy took the card and stuck it in the hip pocket of his Levi's. Sex work had become infrequent; it was hard to sell what so many men were giving away with enthusiastic abandon. Only when the bug bit him did he don his leather jacket and cowboy boots and swagger down Polk Street to score the odd fifty to tide him over until the next payday. Knowing he could sell it made him more particular about whom he gave it to for free. In this he was like his peers for whom sex, youth and beauty were the commodities being exchanged daily on Castro Street, where appendage sought orifice and semen was the negotiated price of pleasure.

In a few days he was on the phone with the Star Maker. The day after that, Randy was sitting across the man's desk in a sleazy office too far South of Market for Randy's taste, a former warehouse filled with props, lights and sets too fake to suspend anyone's disbelief. The man lit a cigarette and looked Randy over. "Well, let's see it."

"You're the boss."

"Hot fucking damn. It's for real. Shit, boy."

"It's not all the way hard yet. Give me a second."

"Take your time. Fuck, I don't know anyone who could down that thing. I mean, I'm a big cocksucker and I don't think I could manage that monster."

"Maybe you could. Wanna give it a try?"

"Hell. Why not?"

The Star Maker put out his cigarette and, dropping his own jeans to the floor, caressed himself as he ministered to Randy. He admired the member for several seconds before taking a deep breath, opening his mouth wide and inhaling the bulbous head and the first few inches of the thick shaft.

"Fuck, yeah, that's it, buddy. That's it. Come on, you can suck a few more inches. Yeah. Man, oh, man, you're good. Fuck, yeah, use both hands. Up and down, up and down. That's it, that's it. Keep sucking, buddy, keep sucking. You're gonna make me cum, man, gonna make me shoot my load. Give me that head. Oh, yeah! Oh motherfucking goddamn! Here it comes, man, here it comes! I'm gonna blow, I'm gonna blow. Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

Randy smiled as he watched the Star Maker swallow three times and keep nursing on Randy's shaft as he stroked himself to completion.

"That's it, baby, that's it. Shoot for me, baby, shoot it for me..."

After the Star Maker had caught his breath, wiped his mouth of any residue and recovered enough composure to talk business, the conversation continued, Randy's flaccid trouser trout hanging limply, still wet with spit and cum, from his open jeans.

"How about this? Randy Johnson! Or maybe Miles Long? How about Butch Studley? Butch Boner? I know, Ben Boner! No, how about Tom Kat? Travis Bent? Or Dick Dickerson? Maybe Dick Shooter! Ben Bender, Dave Dawson, Mike Sergeant?"

"I liked Ben Boner."

"Then Ben Boner it is. Now we gotta find a guy who can handle that much meat. Can't be too hard to find a whore with his asshole stretched to hell. Any preferences?"

"None of that ugly street trash you see in those peep shows. Lots of hot guys in this town happy to take it up the ass for a few bucks."

"They're all trash, but don't worry. I'll find some cute clone to throw up his legs. You're a hot top, so stay that way. I don't care how versatile you really are, just remember: bottoms aren't stars."

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Billed as a Castro Bartender, Ben Bohner—the h added for class, Randy shot a dozen super-eights that became legendary. He no longer swaggered up and down Polk Street, yet more opportunities presented themselves as he went about his daily business. His fee doubled in correlation with his celebrity. His fans frequently contacted the Star Maker, but he was reluctant to act as a liaison without receiving a commission that Randy refused to give him, the Star Maker having made enough money off of him. When the Star Maker was arrested on drug charges, Randy was happy that he had refused the services of a pimp.

He kept his job at the Neon Chicken, tending bar and enjoying the camaraderie it provided. To his regulars he was Randy. To those who sought him out with money in hand, he was Ben Bohner. Randy joked with his friends in the upstairs wine bar; Ben Bohner asked his patrons to meet him later at the Twin Peaks, Toad Hall or the Rawhide, where fees could be negotiated away from the prying eye of a boss that had no qualms about employing a whore as long as the whore was discreet enough not to transact business on the premises.

"Keep your cock out of the cash register! That's what my dad taught me!"

"Sure, Mel, whatever you say."

Life went on, his former exuberance tempered with experience. Coming from a small town, Randy found comfort being a neighborhood fixture. Strolls to Cliff's Variety, Cala Foods or the Norse Cove were filled with nods and greetings. Only rarely did strangers accost him with undying love or unquenchable desire. The former was something for which he had no cure, the idea of romantic love between men an alien notion to him; the later meant money. At once collegial and chauvinistic, the locals defended Randy from unwanted attention, vocally deriding the tourists smitten with unfathomed desire as they watched Randy copulating to the silence of a projector's rattle.

Just as Randy thought his celebrity was dissipating, he was visited at work by the Famous Porn Star responsible for Ben Bohner's transition to sound. From Los Angeles (where Randy had never been), he was in San Francisco looking for talent. He was intent on working both sides of the camera, transitioning to where the real money lay. He came to the Neon Chicken just before closing, arriving in a flurry of narcissism and self-importance, too tanned for January and showing too many perfect teeth. Randy recognized him at once, his fame preceding him. A part of Randy blushed, another part was flattered to merit the Star's attention.

"Someone told us you were here. Man, you're hard to find. We've been in every bar on Castro looking for you. Anyway, I'm Drew. I have a proposition for you."

"I'm listening."

"Hey, I like your voice. Sounds butch. We looked up this other guy you fucked once, that hair burner, Dan something, and he had a voice like Minnie Mouse. Couldn't use him, but we didn't tell him that, just said we'd be in touch. But you sound great, which means we can use you. We're making a feature porn movie with sound. More money and more publicity. Whaddaya say?"

"Okay. When, where and who do I fuck?"

"Me. We'll do two shoots on different days and splice them together, make it look like you shot two big loads."

"Cool. But two fucks means I get paid for two scenes, right?"

"Yeah, well we can negotiate the details. The important thing is you're on board, right? What's your name, your real name I mean?" "Randy. Let's have a drink on it."

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The Famous Porn Star had been right. Randy's transition to sound increased both his fame and his fortune. His fee was double the going rate, the price of his growing celebrity. He wondered if he were really the object of so many hushed conversations, whispered giggles and sideway glances that paused when he passed, or if he was being egotistical or paranoid, not sure which would be worse.

"There he is."

"Omigod it's real. Look at the fucking basket."

"And he's tall, too. Not like those other guys who just look hung 'cause they're short."

"Shit, how does he squeeze into those Levi's? Those jeans need a third leg or something."

"Nice ass, too. I wonder if he gets fucked?"

Randy loved to get fucked, loved the feeling of a big cock in his prone and waiting hole. He loved the intensity of another man sweating like a horse, reaching his climax and spewing sperm deep inside him. He loved the urgency that came with being fucked, loved the sense of contentment that followed the injection of semen into his bloodstream. But Bottoms Weren't Stars, and Big-Dicked Bottoms were the bane of a community where chickens far

outnumbered roosters. Any suggestion that he give up his ass for payment was met with the same speech:

"I don't know, man, I'm not really into that. I dunno, maybe, but it'll cost ya. And you can't tell anyone you fucked me."

No matter the size of the assaulting member, or the violence it asserted, the monologue remained the same:

"Fuck, that hurts! Damn, you got a big dick. You're tearing me apart."

Though sworn to secrecy, the men that had the pleasure of Randy's ass were quick to share the details of their expensive conquest. Eventually word got around that, for a price, Randy's backdoor was accessible, but the price increased each time he was fucked because:

"I don't really like getting fucked, you know? It hurts too damn much. Especially with a hung stud like you."

Movie followed movie. He posed naked for *Mandate*, *Blueboy* and *Torso*, dick arching to heaven or hanging half hard. He smiled his winning smile, his eyes sparkling, head bent slightly to one side. But despite his continued popularity, Randy sensed that moustached, shaggy-haired men would soon be out of style; he kept his job at the Neon Chicken.

Seeing one of his movies on a home video, Randy sensed a milestone had been passed, the old medium succumbing to the new, and just as not all of Hollywood's silent film stars were able to make the transition to talkies, neither would many of the established porn stars move seamlessly to video—a far more brutal media than celluloid. It was then that the Porn Mogul appeared, the new proprietor of an old studio that had bought the rights to what were now known as Ben Bohner's Classics. The success of Ben's early work in the new medium meant renewed interest in Randy.

"I got this great idea, see? I'll get me a stable of the really popular guys from the old super-eights and sign them to Exclusive Contracts!"

"Like Hollywood?"

"Sure, whatever. So you sign with me and I give you a little something just for signing. And it's a contract so I have to use you for so many videos a year, see? So you get some guaranteed work and I get a roster of stars that'll make the other guys weep!"

"Sounds like a great idea. Just so you know, though, my price has gone up. A lot."

"Not a problem, Benny. I got investors ready to make some money!"

"When do we start work?"

"Soon. Just one thing, though."

"Yeah."

"I get to swing on your knob sometimes. Kinda of a perk of being the boss, see?"

"Sure, man. After you pay me."
"Not to worry. We're riding the wave and we're riding high!"

Almost overnight, the world changed. Sex was no longer a commodity but something feared. Semen was now toxic and pleasure had consequences. Whispered rumors, shame-filled eyes, gallows humor and desperate laughter were the new norm. Spontaneity died and all pleasure was suspect. Once stars, the sluts that had proudly peopled the City became pariahs irrationally blamed for not having foreseen the plague.

A pall hung over the Castro, a heavy black veil blotting out the joy that had filled their lives. The streets, once full of foot traffic every night, were empty. One by one, businesses closed, either because they were unable to succeed with diminishing foot traffic, or because the entrepreneur had died intestate. One could only fuck within restraints that felt unbearable to the initiated but were quickly adopted by the succeeding generation.

Among the first wave of deaths was the Porn Mogul. His silent partner took over and made vast sums of money by anticipating both an increased consumption of porn and a shift in popular tastes. Moustached and bearded men with hairy chests disappeared from the skin magazines to be quickly replaced by skinny boys touted as "Healthy Men." Then they were replaced by buffed but shaven men with boyish faces and pouting lips. Randy watched the need for porn increase even as his own ability to get work within the medium waned with every video he made. Men with maturity (which is to say men over thirty) and experience were no longer a part of the iconography, buried under the avalanche of shaven chests and genitalia. When the Neon Chicken closed its doors on Eighteenth, and with his options fewer than ever, Randy consented to be kept by a wealthy man living in a modern monstrosity in the Oakland Hills. Randy left the city that had nurtured him, feeling like an exile from the home he had loved, fearing that Oakland would be his Colonus.

"He left me how much?"

"Enough to live on comfortably. You must have made him very happy."

"I sure as hell tried."

"Funny. I always thought Wayne was a top."

"He was. Mostly. And super hung. There weren't a lot of guys who could handle that much meat."

"But you could?"

"Hell, yeah!"

"But your image...I always thought you were a top, too."

"Versatile, but don't tell anyone. It'd ruin my image."

"You know, I always thought you'd look good in leather..."

"Yeah? As it happens, I do."

Thus another career for Randy, Leather Master, one for which

there was a ready and anxious market. In this, as in all his endeavors, he excelled because he liked the people he made happy with the abuse he provided, and because he loved his work. Which brings us to why he was in Chicago on this particular weekend, in this hotel lobby...looking for work.

* * *

The kiss was invasive and Randy liked it. Rock's tongue assaulted his mouth with a will to dominate the Leather Master being held in his lip lock. He grabbed Randy's ass, squeezing his buttocks tight in his strong hands. With a sudden and insistent moment of clarity, Randy managed to pull himself from the kiss.

"Hey, son, this is great, but you know why I'm here, right?"

"Dad's a whore. I knew that already. I'm horny and got money in my pocket to spend on a man I've wanted since I first got pubes. Come on, Dad. I'm gonna fuck you good."

Soon they were in Rock's suite. Rock threw a few C-notes on the bed, sat on the couch, opened a beer, undid his jeans, grabbed a bottle of lube and nodded to Randy while stroking his own huge dick.

"Okay, Dad. Strip for me. And make it last."

Randy had stripped before, both in bars and for clients. Having no innate sense of rhythm or gift of movement, he'd developed a technique that had served him well over the years, developed by hours of practice in front of a narrow mirror.

He spread his legs and slowly removed his motorcycle jacket, letting it fall with a soft thud to the floor. Then came his leather vest, removed with a single, simultaneous movement of both shoulders. With a final shrug, it too found the floor. Looking into Rock's eyes, he slowly unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it quickly off, letting it drop. He left the white, ribbed singlet stretched across his broad chest, before slowly turning around, bending over and, grabbing the flies from both legs of his chaps, slowly pulled up on the zippers until they fell open. Standing erect, he undid the snaps, finally letting the chaps share the floor with the rest of his gear. Facing Rock again, Randy slowly unbuttoned the leather underchaps, letting them fall down his legs to his still booted feet. He kicked of the shorts and stood naked except for leather gloves, boots and cap.

"Shit, Dad. Turn around and show me the hole I'm gonna fuck. Oh, yeah. Sweet, hairy Daddy hole. I gotta eat that ass. Bend over, fucker."

Randy turned around, slowly bending forward as he grabbed his booted ankles. Rock's tongue assaulted his hole with the same insistence with which it had invaded his mouth, laying claim to it, preparing it for what was to come, enjoying the taste and scent of the orifice. With one movement, Rock stood and pushed Randy facefirst onto the bed. In a moment, Randy was bound spread-eagle, testing the restraints to show off straining muscles. A few more bills fell onto the mattress.

"You okay with bareback, Daddy whore?"

"Yes, but you should know..."

"Shut up. All I wanted to hear was 'yes.' You know, I think I'll call my posse so they can fuck you, too. Don't worry, I got a wad of C-notes to pay for each of my bros... Hey, Joe? Yeah, he's here. You and the boys come up and take turns with him when I'm done. Yeah, raw is cool. Head up now so you can see me shoot my first load, Yeah, it's a sweet hairy Daddy ass. Worth every fucking penny. Hey, I'm done talkin', 'kay? Get the boys up here... All right, now bite the pillow and take it like a man."

Rock was on top of him, his rigid cock dripping honey and looking warm harbor between Randy's buttcheeks. the moist. Tentatively, it approached the waiting orifice, slowly but steadily pushing its way toward its goal. When the head had been engulfed in the warm, hairy flesh of Randy's fuck hole, he gasped with pleasure at the same moment Randy gasped in pain. Rock pulled back only slightly before continuing to push inside Randy, who could only groan in response to the delicious anguish. After what seemed an eternity, Rock was fully embraced by Randy's hole, a hole grabbing onto the huge cock, grasping for the bulbous head striking against the prostate and sending shivers up and down Randy's hairy, bound body. Rock's pace increased, slowly at first, in both strength and speed, pounding harder against the hard rock that was Randy's prostate as it prepared to shoot sperm against the sheets beneath the sweating bodies thrashing together as they reached their climax. Joe and the others came in just as Rock screamed and made the last, hard thrust inside Randy, letting his seed spew deep inside Randy, marking Randy as his own. At the same moment, Randy came, his hard cock spurting spunk against his belly. Rock caught his breath a moment before roughly disengaging himself with a slap on Randy's restrained, hairy ass. Rock shook the sweat from his face as he smiled at the posse of young men, all of them engorged and prepared to take Rock's place.

"All yours, guys. And don't worry, he's paid for. Have fun."

"Thanks, Rock."

"Man, you're the best, Rock."

"Awesome!"

"I love a hairy ass."

"I'm gonna breed Daddy good."

Randy grunted and groaned as if it were all too much, thus bringing the excited young men to quicker climaxes, filling him with ball juice that leaked from his hole and down his scrotum, forming a small puddle on the bedding beneath him.

"Okay, guys. Remember to keep it in your pants so you got a load

for tomorrow's shoot."

Rock could not resist a final fuck, pounding Randy's juicy wet hole until he shot his spunk deep inside the bound bottom. Afterward, Rock rolled over, lit a cigar and set Randy free. They passed the cigar back and forth for a few minutes.

"Need to cum, Dad?"

"No, I came while you were fucking me the first time. What's this about a shoot?"

"Yeah, see we've started a new company, all 'bout young studs fucking their Dads. And I want you to be our first star. We came here looking for talent and man we found it."

Rock slapped Randy's ass, which was a signal for Randy to collect the cash strewn around the bed.

"I get paid, right?"

"Yeah, you're our fucking star, and you're gonna sign an exclusive contract with us, Dad. But I need you to work the crowd here, see. You're gonna wear one of our DADDY BITCH T-shirts and walk around the Leather Mart making friends and stirring up interest. Here, put on those shorts you had on beneath your chaps, and your boots and shit. Here, wear this T-shirt, extra tight, right? Yeah. All right, take this and do some shopping while you're there. Buy yourself something pretty. And one more thing..."

Rock peeled a few more bills off his roll and handed them to Randy. When Randy was dressed, Rock locked a chain around his neck, kissed him and pushed him toward the door with another slap on the ass.

"You're sleeping with me tonight. In fact, why don't you just move your stuff in here later?"

Randy was in the hall counting the bills that had been thrown at him and collected with a degree of apparent chagrin that Rock had clearly relished. Smiling, he headed to the Leather Mart, beginning his final reinvention before retirement and inevitable disappearance—assured that he would be remembered as a Hot Stud for decades to follow.

DELIVERING THE GOODS

Anthony McDonald

It wasn't easy, back in those university years, to know if other people were gay or not. It wasn't easy to know if I was.

In my first year I shared a room in a student house in the center of Edinburgh with a burly fellow rugby player named Jack. Although rugby was about the only thing we had in common we rubbed along well enough. We visited the Edinburgh bars together, often in the company of the pair of lads who shared the room below ours. One of them, Mike, played on the same rugby team as Jack and I did; the other, a small elfin boy called Luke—and now that I've used the word elfin you know how this sentence is going to end—did not.

I didn't get a chance to discover whether Luke and I had anything in common during the whole of that first year. When the four of us were out together our conversation was general, laddish, and I seldom spent time with Luke alone. During our second term Jack and Mike switched from rugby to hockey, while I did not. I was quite relieved in a way. It gave me an excuse to drop out of rugby. I'd never enjoyed the sport that much, to tell the truth, but I had the build, the strength and the skill, and at five foot eleven I looked the part. I'd played at school as a matter of course, and I'd gone along when Jack suggested I join the team that first term at uni. But now that I'd stopped, and Jack and Mike were into a different game, played on different days, those beery four musketeer evenings became less frequent and finally petered out altogether. By that time Jack had got himself a girlfriend anyway, and Mike was trying hard to follow suit.

I'd never had a girlfriend; never even flirted with girls, never felt the need. If I occasionally asked myself if I was attracted to men I tried to kick the question into the grass. I didn't think that if it came to it I'd be very good at sex. At the age of eighteen I'd never even had a wank.

That wasn't strictly true. I got my rocks off, from time to time, like any boy. Sometimes I'd find involuntary relief in the course of a wet dream. Occasionally, very occasionally, I'd well up and bubble over in the scrum during a match, inside the appallingly tight confines of my jockstrap. This was mortifying in the extreme, as well as uncomfortable, but bent double as I was, and huddled in the melee, at least nobody saw. Sometimes too it would happen in the classroom (later, at university lectures) inside my trousers, hidden by the desk, and there was nothing I could do about it.

But when I did want to do something about it—I mean, when I chose to make myself come, as happened from time to time—I could never bring myself, for some reason, to use my hand. I'd rub my trouser front—hard-on conveniently standing vertical inside—up and down the wall of a room (an empty room obviously) rising onto tiptoe on the slow upthrust and then back down until I'd scored my private goal. Or in bed, naked and face down, I'd rub myself off along the bottom sheet.

Why, for all those years, from the age of fourteen till I turned nineteen, did I never use my hand? I ask myself now. Everyone else did, it's so obviously the most convenient thing to do, and it's something that I do quite naturally now, with others or on my own. But I know the answer of course, and even though I wouldn't have admitted it I knew it back then too. I was ashamed, quite simply, of my size. Despite my height, muscle and build, at the age of eighteen I was still kitted out with a penis and correspondent testicles that, in terms of size, looked more like the adornments of a boy of twelve.

Apart from their diminutive scale there was nothing wrong with my cock and balls at all. They were (and still are) as pretty and elegant a set of tackle as you've ever seen. And between them they delivered the goods. The quantity of sperm they could produce was in proportion to my size and rugby player's physique, rather than in relation to the little funnel through which my spunk was squeezed. How did I know this, when I'd never done anything with another boy, nor seen another boy do it to himself? Well, I know now of course, but I could work it out back then also. I'd seen the stains on other boys' sheets at boarding school at bed-making time, and they were approximately the same size—and map-like shape—as mine. Tidier, cleaner boys kept a hanky under the pillow or a small towel in a bedside drawer. One boy used an old gray sock. Nobody needed to take the precaution of keeping a jam jar beneath the bed.

Size, then, was my one concern. I measured my cock often and anxiously during my eighteenth and nineteenth years. At full stretch it remained an obstinate three and three-quarter inches. It had been nearly as big when I was thirteen. Its circumference was a tad more than three inches. Not the diameter, the circumference: do the math. It was thicker than any reasonably normal-sized pen, but not by much. When flaccid it hid like a button inside the funnel of its foreskin sheath. Even when stiff it rarely showed its head, a small

ripe raspberry and just as scarlet, which had to be hauled out, protesting redly, in bath or shower for its daily wash behind the ears.

It wasn't as though I didn't know how big an eighteen-year-old's cock was supposed to be. Received wisdom among us boys was that six-point-something inches was the norm. Some people boasted of having considerably more than that. And in order for there to be a norm, of course, it followed that many others—though they wouldn't boast about the fact—must have rather less. But why me? And why a mere three and three-quarter inches? Surely no one of my size and physique had to be as far below the average as that? I'd have been grateful for five.

As I was sharing a room with Jack, I saw his cock from time to time. He was neither ostentatious nor bashful when it came to undressing to get ready for bed. I never saw Jack's prick erect, so I had no idea of its extent in inches when in that state. But it appeared inevitably, from time to time, in off duty mode. On those occasions it hung, in a fat and jutting curve, like a big beef sausage over his two proud balls. It had a heavy, flattish head (this was very noticeable because he was circumcised) and that head was rimmed with a broad, shamelessly out-turned, flange. His balls were the size of extra-large hens' eggs, thickly wrapped. I took care never to let Jack glimpse my own small packet. I had nothing that could compete with his. Undressing, I always made sure to turn my back. And my lack of willingness to parade my goods in the shared space of our bedroom didn't bother him—even if he was aware of it—one bit.

I've said Jack's balls were the size of hens' eggs. So what of mine? The size of quail's eggs. For the record, they still are. Not that that bothers me. They do their job. They deliver the goods. Nobody ever complains.

* * *

The beginning of my second term at Edinburgh saw all of us allocated to new rooms. I found mine easily. It was in the same block as last year's, though on a different landing and, in honor of my new status as a second-year, a single. No more sharing. As I unpacked I wondered idly who my next-door neighbor would be. I had arrived early and the guy next door hadn't turned up yet, or if he had he hadn't got round to writing on the name card on his door. I had written my own name up at once—Rufus McCann.

A short time later came a knock at my door. Opening it I found myself looking into the eyes of Luke, Mike's non-rugby-playing roommate from last year. Since our days of pubbing with Mike and Jack had come to an end back in the spring we'd done little more than exchange the odd hallo. Now Luke said to me, "Looks like we're living next door to each other. Want to come in for some tea?"

If an invitation to a cup of tea seems a bit tame by way of an opener, well, neither of us was fully unpacked, and it was precisely four in the afternoon. We sat on spartan student chairs and chatted about the long summer vacs that had just come to an end, about the things we had done during that time. I had forgotten—if I'd ever properly taken it in—what a likeable, easygoing chap Luke was. I found myself regretting that we hadn't continued to spend time together after those rugby pub outings stopped, and thinking that he was probably nicer, and more fun, than most of the new friends I'd made since then. Also I had to admit that in the last year his petite good looks were much improved. His small physique had developed, in its own small way, but nicely so. He had a cute nose and a head of dark curly hair. I'd given no thought at all to his looks last year, simply had not noticed them, and now was a bit surprised to remember that.

Now I know better. The previous year I hadn't allowed myself, hadn't dared, to think about Luke's looks; nor, really, about any other boys'. But a year on and my imagination had grown bolder; my heart and courage too, perhaps.

As it happened, tea was not the end of my association with Luke that evening. We met later for drinks in the Union bar, briefly joined some friends of his for a drink at the Yellow Carvel and then, when we found ourselves walking homeward side by side, Luke offered me a nightcap before bed.

"Sorry about the choice of tincture," he said, handing me a half full tumbler of something alarmingly thick looking and the color of red ink. "It's Dubonnet. A present from my grandmother. It's very sweet and you're supposed to dilute it with a good quantity of gin, but it's the only alcohol I've got on hand right now."

I said I had no problem with it, and I didn't. When a drink is free a drink is free, and in my room I had nothing of an alcoholic nature to offer at all. We left it at one glass each (it was nearly as sweet as cough syrup) and I returned to my own room next door for the night. I didn't leave him completely though, or perhaps it's truer to say that he didn't leave me. I christened my new room, and my new bed in it, by rubbing my little self to a state of sticky wetness against the bottom sheet. I found myself thinking of Luke while this was going on and—unlike a year ago when, if I'd found myself thinking of him or any other boy, I would probably have tried to push the thought away—indulged the idea without qualm all the way through to the exercise's inevitable, enjoyable, explosive conclusion.

Presumably as a result of what—or who—my fantasies were feeding on, I pretty well flooded the bed. Surveying the damage the next morning I wondered whether the jam-jar expedient might be called for in future, after all. More practically, pragmatically, I took to laying a small towel across the middle section of the sheet from then on.

Over the next few days Luke and I saw plenty of each other. Living in adjacent rooms as we did, it was the most natural thing in the world to look in on each other on returning from a lecture, say, and drink a coffee together, idling away bits of day, or evening, when we should in theory have been researching our essays, reading books or even—heaven help us—getting words down on paper: essays to be handed in. We went out to pubs together, the Yellow Carvel perhaps, or Ryrie's Bar, sometimes with other friends but often just the two of us: we found we were quite content with each other's company. Before bed we'd sometimes have a late-night drink in either my bedroom or Luke's. (The Dubonnet was finished, mercifully; we had both stocked up with a proper bottle of scotch.) We'd put the world to rights on those evenings, talking politics and world affairs (I was reading politics. Luke geography: we had plenty to say.) We also talked about ourselves, our hopes, our tastes in books and films, all those normal topics. One subject was noticeably absent from our discussions, though: the subject of girls, and sex.

Whenever I went back to my room after one of our late whiskey talks I always made myself come, once I'd got to bed, in my tried and tested way. But now it was a more regular thing, an essential part of my routine, and always, always, now it was with thoughts of Luke. I sometimes wondered if Luke was doing something similar next door. In fact I was pretty sure he was, since it was something all boys did and he certainly had no girlfriend. I presumed he used his elfin hand for the purpose, and managed quite easily to picture him doing this. What I didn't dare to imagine was that he might be thinking of me, strapping red-haired Rufus, as he stroked himself. That would have been a narcissistic step too far. Even so, I knew he liked me, as much as I liked him, and was growing to like me even better by the day. But in that way? I didn't allow myself to imagine that.

Sometimes even Edinburgh can deliver an autumn day that is positively hot. One of those days occurred in the second week of that term. After breakfast I had some reading to do, but before settling down to it I decided I would change into a pair of shorts. I hadn't brought rugby shorts up with me for the start of this second year. I knew that I didn't want to play again, and having no kit to wear would be guite a good answer to anyone who tried to wheedle me back onto the team. I had, though, the lightweight, brief white pair of shorts that I'd used back in schooldays for gym. I stopped for a moment before I put them on, and decided, just for the hell of it, to take my underpants off first. I liked the feeling of my cock and balls inside nothing except those lightweight shorts, half free but half confined. As I said, the day was hot. And then I got down to what I was supposed to be doing, sitting reading at my desk and making notes, dressed in those shorts, a very skimpy short-sleeved blue shirt that I didn't bother to do up and nothing else. No socks, no shoes.

After a couple of hours of reading I began to feel, well—ready to do something with my cock, rub it against the wall perhaps, encouraged by my semi-undressed state. I was just beginning to think about doing this when I heard my neighbor's door open and then shut again. Luke had returned from a lecture. I sat still, trying to imagine what Luke was doing now in the privacy of the room next door. Not rubbing his cock up and down against the wall, I guessed, but then, you never knew. I decided to call on him. There was nothing new in that by now. The only different thing was the way I was dressed.

And the way he was, I quickly discovered. I'd knocked at his door and walked right in, without waiting for an invitation, as he and I now always did. And there he stood, in the middle of the room, having just emerged from his bathroom, I think, wearing similar white gym shorts and nothing else, not even a shirt. I couldn't speak. He looked so stunning that words were temporarily strangers to my mouth.

Then he grinned, said, "Have a coffee," and I said, "Yes." We made no reference to the exceptional way in which we were both dressed, or what a coincidence it was that we were both attired this way, or even to the unseasonable warmth of the day. We sat opposite each other in his two armchairs, drinking our milky brew, talking about inconsequential nothings that we wouldn't remember even five minutes afterward, and looking at each other. We didn't try to hide that, at least. We just looked, and looked.

Luke was small, about five foot three, but in his own small way as muscular as me, with neat, nicely developed pecs, biceps and thighs, hard calves and a stomach as flat as a board. Two fans of dark hair spread across his chest. They met at the bottom of his rib cage and spindled to a single line of hair, very neat and, except for a tiny detour round his navel, very straight. Finally that line of hair dived teasingly behind the waistband of his shorts, leading to... Well, perhaps I would never know.

"No wonder you're called Rufus," Luke said. He too was seeing my chest hair for the first time. Like the hair on my head it resembles, in color at any rate, a copper wire brush that is spanking clean and new.

"My parents didn't call me that," I said. You'd have to be pretty prescient to guess what color a newborn baby's hair is going to be. "I'm really William, but I've almost forgotten the fact, I suppose. There was a king of England called William Rufus, wasn't there?" We're a bit hazy on English kings up here in Scotland. They teach us all the Scottish ones, but they whiz through the ones south of the border a bit quickly until 1603.

We were sitting with our legs spread ostentatiously wide apart. I felt pretty sure by now that Luke was feeling as sexually charged up as I was, but I still couldn't be certain enough to take any

appropriate action. Anyway, what action would be appropriate? I had no experience of this kind of situation at all. No experience of sex, full stop. I scanned his crotch for signs of an erection, but couldn't make one out. His shorts were very tight, of course. They might have been his gym shorts at age fourteen. Then I saw it, a dark spot on those white shorts, an inch to the right of his fly. A drop of something had slipped out of his penis and into his shorts. It wasn't pee. If you forget to go, and then find you've accidentally spurted a drop into your trousers, it makes a bigger splash than that, however quickly you clamp the apparatus shut. I know. And Luke clearly hadn't ejaculated either: his body would have given off telltale signs. There was only one possibility. Luke's unseen cock was emitting that clear, sticky, shiny stuff that comes before you come. That happens without your knowing it. You know if you shoot, or if you pee on yourself, but precome seeps out unperceived. You don't know it's there until you've felt it with a finger or, later on, examined the inside of your pants. The only thing you do know when this gentle dew is creeping out is that you're in a pretty sex-ready state.

Then I saw that Luke was studying my crotch as intently as I'd been studying his. I looked down. My own shorts bore the same giveaway round wet patch. Luke and I looked back up into each other's face and, very shyly, very nervously, smiled.

I don't know how we got there but we were suddenly in each other's arms, pressed together tightly at the front, Luke on tiptoe, rubbing ourselves, our cocks, together as if we wanted them to kindle into fire. Within seconds we both came, in and through our shorts, into each other's. His hot wetness merged with mine, the two indistinguishable, spread between us like an opening flower. I felt the powerful pulses of his cock pressed through fabric against mine as we spurted about a second apart, his ejaculation mirrored by the pumping throbs of my own, six or seven times before our cocks calmed down. Then we held each other for what seemed like minutes. Perhaps it was. We pulled slowly apart, surveying each other, each observing the other's soaking shorts. "I want to see your cock," said Luke at last, in a threadbare voice.

"In this state?" I answered, my voice, like his, husky with shock. "It'll be all a mess down there."

"Show me anyway."

"I can't," I whispered. Then, abject with shame: "I don't let anyone see it. It's so small."

"So's mine," said Luke, looking me earnestly in the eye. "Pull my shorts down and look at mine. Then let me see yours."

I reached forward and unhooked the top of his shorts, unzipped them and yanked them down over his hips in something like a single movement. His cock flipped out, and slightly up—he wasn't wearing underpants either—and he caused mine to do the same.

Our cocks were twins: Same scale. Identical quail's egg balls.

Both still half stiff, pointing toward each other, parallel to the floor. They were wet with come, and our pubes were clotted with it. As we looked, a last stray streamer, hanging from the tip of each foreskin, spooled downward and dropped into the shorts that lay encircling our feet. We looked back up at each other and exchanged half smiles.

"Mr. William Rufus indeed," Luke said. He planted a finger in the deep wet carpet of my pubes. "Copper even here. It's beautiful. I mean, you are."

I'd never thought of my pubic bush as an adornment, a thing of beauty, before. But here was Luke telling me that, even strung with the white flecks and streamers of my spunk, as it was. He moved his hand and grasped my cock. Tentatively I reached out and held his. It jerked in response, swelled slightly. It was so wonderfully hot. This was the first time I'd held another boy's; the first time a boy'd held mine. Slowly, although we'd both come just seconds before, standing naked in the middle of the floor, in the sunshine, with our shorts pooled at our feet, we each began to masturbate the other's prick.

We didn't make it to lunch that day. We lay naked together on Luke's bed in the warmth of the afternoon and played together. We discovered by a happy chance the position called sixty-nine, though neither of us knew it was called that then. You don't need big cocks for that. A small one's just as good, and actually more comfortable. We wanked each other and watched the other's come spurt healthily over our nipples and throats. And though we did get dressed and go out in the evening to eat and drink, we were back in bed soon afterward, experimenting with a fuck. I let Luke have first go. I was too big to lie on top of him. I lay back, pulling up my legs, and let him push his spit-moistened little penis up inside. I wouldn't let him wank me while he plunged and came. Instead I made him sit astride me, when he was ready to go again, and lower his backside onto my standing, bursting dick. While he did the necessary legwork I teased his well-positioned penis with my hand till we both came, me inside him, he in a hot starburst over my chest. That night we slept in each other's arms.

It was a couple of days before we began, shyly, tentatively, to talk about our previous sexual experience and habits. It was oddly reassuring to learn that Luke had had no experience with others before me, not even showing off his little soldier to his peers when a child, and he seemed relieved, almost, when I told him that my own case was the same. I was still diffident about owning up to the odd way I'd been bringing myself off, but when I eventually did so he grinned broadly and said that he had never used his hand either. Like me, he'd always rubbed himself against the sheets, or up walls, or alongside fence-posts in the countryside where he lived. We let our imaginations dwell on the possibility that at the start of term we

might have been up against opposite sides of the wall that divided our two bedrooms at the same time, getting off on different sides of the same brick. Picturing that scene, sexy but absurd at the same time, we started to laugh, eventually guffawing till we could hardly stop.

But Luke had taken the frottage principle to a level beyond mine. He told me he sometimes rubbed his cock against tall handsome strangers in overcrowded buses, or in the London or the Glasgow Underground. "How the fuck did you get away with that?" I asked him.

"It has to be very crowded indeed," he answered roguishly. "Very, very crowded. Otherwise you can't."

These days we had no need to take such measures. Our doors were, metaphorically, open to each other day and night. Since they were the only two doors on our particular landing, and we were on the top floor, there was no one to witness our frequent comings and goings. If the people beneath us ever heard our midnight footsteps cross the floor, or our doors open and shut, they never said so. If, for instance, I woke at three in the morning, hard and wanting to wank, I'd take myself next door, naked as I was, and climb in beside Luke. He'd wake, harden in seconds, and we'd do each other, one way or another, there and then. Just as often, I'd wake to find little Luke, shamelessly nude and eager pricked, climbing in beside me.

As the days turned to weeks, then months, we began to notice something, though for a long time didn't dare mention it, in case we were mistaken. Not till we resumed our sexual contacts after the Christmas break (and boy, how we both used our hands on ourselves during that enforced absence from each other's bed) did I bring the subject up. "Have you noticed," I said, "that both our cocks have grown?"

"I didn't want to be the first to say so," said Luke, "but yes, I have."

We found a ruler, even though this was the middle of the night, and confirmed what we could already see with our eyes. My cock had grown by nearly an inch, and his had done the same. I said to him, "You see, we should have been using our hands for years."

Well, we made up for that tardiness in the months that followed.

One day in the spring I heard Luke return to his room with what sounded like an extra pair of feet. Curious, I waited a few minutes, then made my way to his door. In view of the circumstances I waited for his "Come in," just this once, before opening it. When I did, I saw he had a visitor, a nice-looking blue-eyed one, a fresh-faced young man in a kilt, who was sitting on Luke's bed talking across the room to Luke, who sat in one of the armchairs. Though it was the middle of the afternoon they both looked as though they might recently have enjoyed a drink or two. "This is Fraser," Luke said. "He's in my geography year." We shook hands and I took the other

chair.

I have to say that Fraser looked very good. He was about my height, I guessed, though of a lighter build, his hair curly and red gold. His top half was quite normally sweater clad. He wore a workmanlike pair of boots, above which big oatmeal socks had been pulled down around his ankles like concertinas, which emphasized the definition of his pleasingly sculpted calves. Those were enhanced with a gossamer fine halo of pale gold hairs. What he was doing, a nineteen-year-old student, attending lectures in kilt and sporran in the middle of the day, was anybody's guess. But, as on the occasion of my first sex with Luke, when both of us were clad in just the skimpiest of shorts, nobody was going to ask.

"We went for a drink together," Luke announced, a bit superfluously. "He asked me point-blank if I was gay and I said I was."

"I told him about us," Luke went on. "He wanted to meet you so I brought him back. I was about to go and knock on your door when in you came."

I wasn't sure at that stage whether we were all simply going to have a coffee together and an earnest discussion about the gay community in general and how it dovetailed with society as a whole, or whether we would proceed straightaway to uncomplicated threeway sex. There was a brief silence. Presumably the other lads were pondering that question too. It was Fraser who cast the dice. Leaning back on the bed he said calmly, "Nobody's asked the obvious yet."

"What's that?" I asked. I honestly didn't know what he meant.

"That hoary old question about guys who wear kilts."

"You mean whether they've got anything on underneath," Luke helped out. He knew the boy better than I did, after all. Fraser nodded and grinned. Luke said to him, teasingly, "And if we do ask the question do you plan to tell us, or show us?"

Fraser answered without a word. His feet still planted on the floor, he leaned right back across the bed till his shoulders rested on the wall behind him, then pulled and rucked his dark kilt so high around his waist at the front that everything was on show between his bellybutton and his knees, in addition to his lower legs which we'd already seen and approved.

He was fully hard and pointing at the ceiling. His prick was probably about average size but, as it wasn't particularly thick, gave an impression of considerable length. He was a fair-skinned boy and his member was ivory white. His foreskin was beginning to slide back under pressure from below. Half of his glans had revealed itself: a pretty, round, rose-pink plum.

Like me he had ginger pubes. His didn't form the dense, expansive thicket of copper brush that mine did. Instead they made a narrow,

sparsely woven halo of gold through which his smooth alabaster skin could be clearly seen. His balls, which were clenched up so tightly in their sac that they hugged the base of his cock, were of impressive hens' egg size. Not extra large, though. Standard.

"Now you have to show me too," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. We couldn't very well refuse. So Luke and I found ourselves standing and, facing our exhibitionist visitor on the bed, unzipping and pulling our jeans and underpants halfway to our knees. Needless to say, our robust little dicks—though they weren't quite so small these days—popped out already hard. It felt oddly like being on parade, at some sort of inspection.

Then Luke surprised me by saying to Fraser, voice now throaty with desire, "Can I fuck you?"

And Fraser, perhaps relieved, now that he'd inspected it, by Luke's prick's modest size, said, "Yes. That's okay." His voice too had changed gear, down to little more than a whisper.

Luke took an awkward two steps toward Fraser, who immediately pushed his kilt back down a little way, just far enough for him to reach inside his sporran. He took out a small packet. "Here. Wear one of these."

"There really isn't any need," Luke said, flushing slightly. "Rufus and I..." $\,$

"We all should anyway," Fraser cut him off. He handed Luke a condom. Luke was momentarily nonplussed, and the helpful suggestions about how to put it on that were made to him by Fraser and myself only served to make it clear to Fraser that I had never used one, and to Luke and me that Fraser hadn't either. But Luke managed it in the end without either losing his erection or, incompetently, inflating the end of it like a balloon.

Although up to that point none of us had any idea of what positions we'd all adopt, we now found ourselves getting into them instinctively, as if we'd been choreographing and rehearsing the whole thing for days. Fraser raised his already wide-spread knees till his boots were level with the mattress, then as Luke knelt down between them in his half-mast jeans, raised them still farther and carefully (to avoid injuring Luke with his work boots) laid his svelte calves and luscious thighs over Luke's shoulders, then used that purchase to help him wriggle his bottom right to the edge of the bed, helpfully lining up its center line with Luke's pointing dick. Meanwhile I'd climbed onto the bed and knelt there, sideways onto Fraser, my jeans around my knees. I thrust my hips forward till the end of my cock kissed the tip of Fraser's bigger one. Each felt the wetness of the other and when they inched apart stayed chained together by a shining gossamer thread.

Luke, who was well practiced now at fucking me, easily found and explored Fraser's hole with a spit-wet finger, then thrust his penis in, using his knees, well anchored to the floor through his jeans, as a hinge.

Fraser was quiet now, presumably savoring the strangeness of this new experience in his own private way. Nothing on his face suggested that Luke's initial penetration had caused him any pain. Then, as Luke began to piston in and out of him, at first tentatively and then with more energy and abandon, I took Fraser's cock into my hand—it was the biggest one I'd ever held till now—and he took mine in his. With his other hand Fraser gently cupped, then stroked, my diminutive balls. I would have done the same to his much larger ones, but Luke's dainty elfin fingers had got there first.

There followed a few minutes during which the three of us seemed to find a new, shared level of sensual bliss, evidenced by the shy grins we all exchanged, and then we all began to come. Luke climaxed with a series of deep thrusts into Fraser, each one accompanied with a grunt or gasp. Then Fraser and I shot together, abundantly, as if we'd both stamped smartly on the other's toothpaste tube. Our white streamers launched into the air between us, then, stalling in midflight, rained pattering down upon us: on Fraser's naked legs, rucked kilt and pullovered chest; all down the front of my thighs and into my half-shucked jeans; in zigzagged and crisscrossed lines, like fallen moonbeams. It was impossible to know which strands of semen were Fraser's and which were mine.

We stayed exactly where we were for a moment or two, awestruck by what the three of us had just done, then each of us smiled at the others in turn. At last Luke disengaged himself carefully from Fraser's inside, got to his feet and stumbled with difficulty to the bathroom, his jeans still gathered around his knees, his cock still stiff and preceding him, wagging as he walked, like the tail of a small dog.

Fraser let his legs drop and his boots take the weight of them back on the floor. Still on the bed I let myself fall forward onto him; I lay on his chest, heedless of the sticky state of his pullover, and we cuddled, hugged and kissed. He said, "I liked that. It was my first ever time."

I said, "I think I knew."

And so our lives, Luke's and mine, moved into a new phase. During the rest of that academic year, and the one which followed it, our last, we shared our pleasures again with Fraser many times, and sometimes too with other friends. But often Luke and I were happy just to be together, the two of us, as we'd been before.

Our paths diverged somewhat after we left uni. Fraser went abroad. Luke's career took him to Glasgow, mine a little way across the border to Carlisle. But trains run hourly between those two cities, and we still meet up from time to time. We have a drink and then a fuck, at his place or mine. It's condoms of course, these days, if we're doing that, but never mind. Sometimes we're quite happy to pleasure each other by hand. We last measured our cocks when we were twenty-three; haven't felt the need to since. Mine, on that

occasion, came out at six inches exactly, which should be big enough for anyone; his—which stopped growing a little time before mine did—ended up at just over five. But he's a small, elfin guy, and it's perfectly in proportion with the rest of him. It suits him so.

As for our balls, those haven't grown much. We still sport a clutch of two pretty little quail's eggs each. But, as we often have occasion to tell each other, when exchanging accounts of our adventures with other men in the run-up to our own activities of the day (this gets us nicely into the mood, but on occasion has proved too effective a bit too soon) nobody has ever complained. They work perfectly, after all. They deliver the goods.

TRAINING TYLER

Jace Barton

I've never been hopelessly attracted to straight men. If I'm ever into a guy and find out he's not on my team, my lust evaporates. I've always been good at switching that part of my brain off. So it came as quite a surprise when, during my junior year at college, I found myself totally, utterly, *hope*lessly in lust with my straight roommate, Tyler.

We'd been roommates in a small campus apartment since spring of sophomore year. The first time I met him I couldn't help but notice his so-black-it's-blue hair, his eyes the color of espresso, a cocky sideways grin that told me he knew he was hot (so go on and look) and a strong tennis player's grip as he shook my hand. That's when a shiver traveled down my spine: I was fantasizing that grip all over my body.

As is my custom, the first thing I told him was my name. Then I told him I was gay.

"So, if that's a *problem...*" I was always on the defensive in those days.

"Nah, nah. It's all good. I've got lots of gay friends."

I immediately rolled my eyes. "Fuck you!"

He laughed. "Maybe later," he said, his grin widening. And so it went. Turned out he really was cool with me being gay. I told him I was cool with him being straight ("No one's perfect!" I chirped), and we got along. He talked to me as if I were one of his beer-swilling, football-watching alpha male jock buddies. Bragging about the superiority of his manhood (I'd tell him to prove it). Smacking my ass (I'd tell him to dive right in). We developed a back-and-forth that rivaled his tennis game. Once I caught him eating a piece of pizza I had saved in the fridge and gave him hell for it. He tugged at his crotch and said, "Suck my cock." I told him, "Maybe later," and he almost choked on his mouthful of spicy sausage and cold dough.

"You sound like you have a mouthful of cock yourself," I said. He grinned and chugged some soda.

Somewhere along the way, our back-and-forth crossed over into flirty territory, or so I thought. Or maybe I was hoping. Needless to say, this was one of the factors that led to me becoming infatuated with Tyler.

Another big factor was Tyler's lack of modesty. He was almost never fully clothed in our apartment. He was forever coming from or going to the gym or practice. On the way out he'd still be yanking his clothes on, and as soon as he came back through the door he'd be pulling off sweat-drenched shorts or shirts. In the mornings it would be a typical sight to see him shirtless at the stove. One time I came in and he'd looked over an exquisitely sculpted shoulder, the stubble from his chin audibly scraping his skin, and in his most sexy voice whispered, "Want some?"

I had another of those shivers.

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The next shiver came spring of junior year.

It was late April, in the middle of one of those weeks filled with lots of wind and rain. I was on the computer, finishing up a paper for English, thinking about taking a break and spending the next half an hour looking at porn. I had the place to myself, since Tyler was at his girlfriend's place—Jill or Pam. I'll call her Jam. He'd been having trouble with her. Tyler was a guy's guy. He liked armpit farts and beer and just being generally vulgar. Everybody was "dude" or "bro." She was, I guess you could say...uptight? She'd get instantly mad at any of his many inappropriate comments. And once she was mad, she'd refuse to speak to him, or clack her pink frosted fingernails against each other or snap her gum to show her disapproval. I really didn't like her.

So that night they had a huge fight and Tyler came home early. A moment of wind and cold and the door slammed shut and he was inside. I spun around in my chair and looked at him. His jacket was wet and clinging to his torso and I was reminded how much I couldn't wait to jerk off. His hair was getting long, a little shaggy, so he had to wipe it out of his face and then fling rainwater off of his hand. He looked at me and saw the puzzled look on my face.

"Fuckin' women!"

"What now?"

"Blue fuckin' balls."

"Eh?"

He sat down on the sofa.

"Long story."

"How about a quick summary?"

"Can I ask you a guestion?"

"Shoot."

"You're gay."

"I am. Next question."

"Ugh. I'm not in the mood. So. You're gay. So. That means. You like. Uh...anal sex?"

"The technical term is butt sex. But yes, I tend to enjoy it."

He rolled his eyes. "Okay. So. Um." I noticed he was blushing. "So the first time. You had..."

"Butt sex."

He rolled his eyes again. "Did it hurt?"

I paused and looked at him. I laughed. "The first time? Yeah. I guess."

He shot up. "Ha! I knew it. I told her!"

I leaned back in the chair. "Wait, wait, wait. Pump the brakes. You need to back up." $\,$

He took off his jacket and tossed it on the floor. This was a recent habit of his. He'd wear a piece of clothing, then when he was through with it he'd just throw it on the floor. Usually he'd run out of clothes unless I did the laundry.

"Okay. So, like, we're at her place. In her room. She brings up last weekend. She drunk dialed me and so I came over. Whatever. Did I ever tell you she refuses to give blow jobs?"

Tyler was always telling me about his sex life. This, however, he hadn't mentioned.

"No, you haven't. But it's ironic, you know. You always telling everyone to suck your cock and the one person who should won't."

"Exactly!" Off came his shoes and his shirt. He went to the fridge and got a beer. "So anyway. Her room. She's drunk. She decides to blow me. It's been like, what? Forever since I've had a blow job. It's good. Surprisingly good. She needs to learn proper teeth control, but whatever. No such thing as a bad blow job. Am I right?"

I raised my hands in a "truer words, man" gesture.

He went on. "So she's hot and heavy into it and out of the *blue*—she puts her finger up my ass. And don't you fucking laugh!" he said, laughing. "I don't know how you do it. It felt... weird..."

"Good weird or bad weird?"

"Weird."

"Go on."

"So yeah. I grab her hand and just ask her what the hell she's doing. She heard some guys like it. I told her some girls like having a dick balls-deep in their ass but I don't pretend to slip out of her fuckin' pussy and go to town on her other hole. Then guess what she says? Just guess."

"I give up."

"'I'm not strictly opposed to that,' she says. Can you believe it? So I tell her to prove it. And she's drunk enough to do it. I'll spare you the details, but the lady, she didn't like it. She said it hurt, so I stopped. And now, today, she's been remembering it. I told her I was

sorry, that it would probably hurt. It's new, y'know? Not used to being plowed. And halfway through a hand job she breaks it to me. She wants out. She says I took advantage of her and she wants out. We're done."

By now he was finished with his beer. At least he put the empty can in the sink instead of tossing it behind him. He was pacing.

"So," I said. "Blue balls."

"Blue motherfuckin' balls, man. Dammit." He grabbed his crotch. "I need to go finish this."

"Hey, if you need a hand. Or a mouth..." I half-joked.

He unzipped his pants and laughed. "Meet me in the shower in five."

"Har har. Have fun with yourself."

He blew me a kiss and went down the hall. I heard his sopping jeans plop to the floor. My OCD kicked in and I all of a sudden wanted the floor clear. His jacket had already made a puddle on the floor by the table.

My self-pleasure could wait.

I saved my English paper and stood; stretched. I finished the last dregs of some tepid tea and picked up the jacket. I kicked his shoes to the door and went into the kitchenette. The ground-floor apartment was the bare minimum. We had a door that came into the living area. There was a sofa, the computer chair and desk, a secondhand beanbag chair I was convinced was infested with bedbugs, and a table. The table straddled the living area and the kitchenette, which was just a couple of feet of counter space with a stove at one end, a fridge at the other and a sink in the middle. Then a little hallway went to two small bedrooms, with a cellar door on the right and a bathroom on the left.

I followed the trail of footsteps to the hall, picking up Tyler's shirt along the way. I came to his pants, then his socks. Right outside the bathroom door was his underwear. Kelly green with white trim. It was oddly cute. The hamper was next to the bathroom door and I tossed the whole outfit in, except for the underwear. I held it in my hand, staring at it, realizing I was hard. That was when I got the shiver. I had a sudden urge to bury my face in the underwear, to learn Tyler's scent, but I thought that was a bit too creepy. It was a step too far. We were friends. I didn't want to fuck that up. Him letting me sniff his underwear, that would be fine, but me sneaking a whiff, that was a violation.

I tossed the crumpled bit of green into the hamper and looked up. The bathroom door was open a crack. Not enough to see anything, but I did hear a low smacking sound—the distinct sound of masturbation. I blushed (how lame! I freaking blushed!) and went into my room. I considered waiting until he was done to take my turn in the shower and take care of myself. But I had been waiting what seemed like forever, so I lay down and jerked off. I fell asleep telling myself to remember to do laundry.

The next day, I did in fact remember the laundry. Tyler called while I was waiting for the washer to end its cycle.

"Hey, man, I'm at the store. Anything we need?"

I was feeling tired and still horny from the night before. The filter from my brain to my mouth wasn't working right then, so I told him, "Iust condoms and lube."

There was a moment of silence and he said, "Adding it to the list." I could hear the smirk in his voice. "Anything else?"

"That should do it."

"M'kay. See you."

"See you."

I hung up and smiled. The buzzer announced that it was time to dry the clothes. I tried to hide my hard-on as I got up.

The sky was starting to open up and pour as I got back to the apartment. I went in and dumped the clothes on the table. I was sorting when the door opened and Tyler came in, soaking wet and carrying a couple of grocery bags. He was in a white tank top and shiny silver basketball shorts.

"Don't even think about sniffing my undies, you perv."

I looked up at him, then back at the clothes in my hand. Those damn green underwear. I dropped them.

"You wish. And they're clean, anyway."

He smirked and came over to the table and set the bags down.

"Fuck this weather. At least I missed the rain this time."

He plopped on the sofa and raised his arms, stretching. I avoided looking at the tufts of hair in his pits. He was glistening. I turned to the grocery bags. "What are you talking about? You're soaking wet."

"Oh, this," he said, lifting his shirttail to wipe his face. "I was jogging."

"Jogging. In this weather?"

"Exercise is almost like sex, and I gotta get my sexual frustration out somehow. Still recovering from blue balls."

I paused. He was saying his usual flirty things, but the edge of sarcasm was missing. He was just chatting. Casually, quietly. Almost a whisper. I reached into the first bag and heard the plastic rattle. I was shaking.

"So. How is single life treating you?"

"Scruff is hot, just don't let your chest hair get to braiding length." He laughed, low and quiet, almost a growl. I calmly took out a tub of peanut butter. A loaf of bread. Some cheese. A bag of Ramen noodles.

"You know," Tyler went on, "she even had me shave my pubes. Can you believe it? I let it go for the past couple weeks. I'm getting a bush."

I came to the bottom of the bag and went on to the next one. Tyler stood and went to the fridge. I heard the freezer open. I pulled a bottle out of the second bag and almost dropped it. It was *lube*.

"Dude, Tyler. You couldn't even spring for the real stuff? This is generic." I dumped the rest of the bag out: a couple more packages of Ramen and a box of condoms. Tyler hadn't said anything, so I turned around.

He was in front of the sink. He had an ice cube in his hand and was rubbing it over his forehead, down his cheek to his neck. His eyes were closed. I stared at the dark brown nipples standing at attention under his wet tank top. I looked back at his face and his eyes were open. He was watching me watching him. That knowing smile came over his face. He pulled the armhole on the tank top out and exposed a nipple. He rubbed the ice cube over the nipple and sighed, closing his eyes again.

I laughed, halfheartedly, and joked, "I noticed you didn't get extralarge condoms. I guess you've been lying about your enormous cock."

He looked at me again and said, dead serious, "Come on over and find out."

Bam. Another shiver. This time it started at my scalp and went down my spine. At the same time a warm pulse radiated out of my gut and into my chest and crotch. My knees were shaking. I knew this feeling. This was the feeling I had the first time I was naked with another guy, alone. This was the feeling I got when I knew I was about to have a good time. All I heard was my heart pounding; all I felt was my face flushing.

All I could say was: "Huh?"

He smiled again and put his hands in his pants, ice cube and all.

"Come here," he said.

What was the matter with me? I'd done this a thousand times. Okay, not a *thousand* times, but enough. I always had the shaky legs and beating heart and slight nausea, but with each guy it got a little bit easier. Now I had tremors through my whole body. This was different. This was *new*.

I gulped and took a step forward. Like I said, it was a small apartment, so one step is all.

"Tyler, I swear. If this is a joke..."

He grabbed my hand and put it between his legs. I felt a full-on hard-on. "Is that a joke, dude?"

I licked my lips, serious now. "Nope. That is not a joke."

Tyler reached behind his back and took his tank top off in one quick motion. I stepped back, breathing rapidly. He got on his knees and started untying his shoes. "Dude. Relax. Breathe. We don't want your heart rate raised too high. Yet."

I still wasn't convinced this was real. This was porn dialogue. No

one really talked like this. I told him this. By now Tyler was down to just his shorts. He stood and raised his hands. "Well, it can be porn if you want. This is the last step. It's up to you, man. Finish this." He grabbed the waistband of his shorts, pulled it forward, and let it snap back. He patted his crotch again.

I took a few seconds to look him over, really look at him. Ever since that first day, when I turned off the part of my brain that would normally be attracted to him, I hadn't *looked* at him. But something had happened in the past few months. I'd caught myself looking out of the corner of my eyes. Secret glimpses. But this was an open invitation to ogle him.

He turned, modeling his body. His body was hairier. He always had scruffy legs, the manly legs of an athlete. But now his chest was coated with fine black hair, there was fuzz around his nipples and a trail ran from just under his belly button (an innie, in case you're curious) into his shorts.

He was tanned; not that fake orange tan, an athlete's tan from running in the sun. His arms were a little darker than his torso, this rainy season. But after a few weeks of sun, his body would match his arms. I wondered where his other tan line started. I stepped forward. Tyler had that cocky grin of his. I got on my knees and looked up at him.

"Porn it is."

"Goody!"

I reached around and rubbed the back of his thighs with slow circular motions, and felt his muscles tighten, then I lowered my hands and stroked the backs of his knees. I leaned in and kissed his calves. I could smell the puddle water that had splashed on his legs when he ran from his car to the apartment. I gave a quick lick, then ran my tongue up the inside of his leg, around his knee and up his thigh. I took a deep breath and pulled his basketball shorts down.

"Aw, what an anticlimax," I sighed.

"Huh?"

"You're supposed to be free-balling it. In porn they never wear underwear, their cock just swings free when the pants are unzipped."

"I'll have to remember that next time."

I stood up and looked him in the eyes. "Are you sure? You want this?"

"I'm sure." His dick was hard, raging. The outline of the shaft ran just under his waistband, across his thigh. He rubbed the length of it and lingered at the head. I saw a dot of wetness there and licked my lips.

I wanted to hold him off a bit, make sure he knew what he was getting into, that he could be comfortable with a guy. With me. I kissed his neck, his shoulder. I grabbed his biceps and raised his arms. I buried my face in his pits and smelled him. He smelled clean, fresh, like spring—that muskiness right before rain. He was

still slick with sweat, because when I went back to his shoulder and started licking and sucking, I could taste the saltiness. I nibbled and Tyler moaned, quietly, in the back of his throat. His right arm circled my back and grabbed my shoulder. He tucked his left hand between my thighs. I ran my tongue from his shoulder to his chest, licking his musculature. I started in a large circle at his pec, spinning smaller and smaller until I got to his nipple. I lightly sucked and teased it with my tongue.

The touch of Tyler's hand on my crotch got more ferocious as he pressed the heel of his hand on my dick. It was a little too rough, but still nice. Then he pulled me gently. "Dude, I gotta tell ya. My blue balls are aching." He thrust his hard-on against my hip and rubbed.

"So much for foreplay, straight boy. Way to be a raging stereotype."

"Save your mouth for when you wrap it around my dick."

"Say no more."

I lowered back to the floor. On my knees, looking at Tyler's next-to-nakedness, I suddenly felt overdressed. I yanked my shirt off and tossed it somewhere. Now I was ready. I grabbed the waistband of his underwear and saw for the first time that it was a brother to the Kelly green pair. These were cornflower blue with black edging. I bit my lower lip and yanked.

Slap!

Tyler's meaty cock bobbed and smacked me square in the face. He laughed

"Dude, I didn't get you in the eye. There's a cock-shaped mark on your cheek." $\,$

I felt wetness on my cheek. "Then why do I have tears on my face?"

"Those aren't tears." He brought his hand down and wiped the wetness away with a finger. I recognized the stringy fluid: precum. He brought his finger to his lips and licked it off. "Mmm," he smiled. He knew that would turn me on. Once, when we were drinking, I'd confessed some of my turn-ons, like armpits and guys who eat their own cum.

So, I swallowed him whole. It must have taken him by surprise, because his knees buckled and he grabbed my head for support. He wasn't lying about his cock being an impressive size. Nice and girthy and just long enough. I had perfected deep-throating a few years earlier and employed one of my best tricks: I swallowed and let my throat muscles massage his cockhead.

"Oh. Oh. Oh, shit. Oh, shit, shit, shit. That's so fucking *gooood!!!*" He was almost in a squat now, pushing his hips into my face. My nose was buried in his newly regrown bush. The sweaty, musky mansmell was even more intense here. It was driving me wild.

I pulled off of his dick slowly, sucking all the way up. When I got to

his head I tongued the slit as I felt a flood of precum ooze out. With a smack of my lips I pulled my mouth off and looked up at him. "Look man, no teeth!"

He had a wicked grin. "First time I've ever been deep-throated, bro."

I stood and kissed him. Too forward? A kiss means more than a blow job, so this could have made—or broken—the moment. Thankfully he kissed me back. Then he raised his head and licked my lips. More precum. He kissed me again. "Now back to business."

"Don't be afraid to talk dirty to me. This is porn, you know."

He grabbed the hair at the base of my neck and said, "Get back down there and tell me how much you love sucking my cock."

I saluted and kissed him once more, running my mouth down his body, through his treasure trail. I've mentioned his epicly athletic body: this time I lingered on his hips, licking along one side of his V, down to his pubes. I took a deep breath, taking in his scent, and moved my face to the base of his dick. I ran my tongue up the shaft and looked back up.

"Brace yourself," I whispered. He reached behind and gripped the counter. I swallowed him again, sucking hard, creating a vacuum. I lessened the pressure and went up his shaft, pumping up and down. I could barely hear him groan over the wet slopping sounds I was making. I wanted to remember this. I wanted *Tyler* to remember this. Halfway up his dick I wrapped one hand around the bottom of his shaft and pumped while I continued working the top half with my mouth. Slowly bobbing and pumping, I was getting used to the shape and curve of this cock, the arc of my movement taking on the curve of the shaft. I was perfectly aligned in a few strokes. I sped up, jerking my hand faster while my other one started giving his balls attention. I could feel a slight vibration as Tyler's legs shook.

Now I focused on the cockhead, slowly rising and falling, coming completely off his dick to flick it with my tongue, running my tongue along the edge of the glans, swirling back up to his slit. My hands clenched his thighs, stroked his thrusting hips. His hands combed my hair while he dreamily murmured his appreciation. He wanted me to deep-throat him some more, but I wanted to tease him.

I moved my hands to where his thighs met his ass, my fingers brushing softly over his skin. I brought my tongue around his cockhead again and slid to the underside of the shaft, slowly, slowly lapping down to the base, to his sac, stopping between his balls. I lightly kissed them, licked a circle around them, then turned my attention to the underside of his cock until I was again at the slit in his cockhead. Tyler's dick was beyond purple by now, completely swollen. I flicked the slit a couple of times and swallowed him again.

Tyler's legs straightened and he stood up, pulling out of my mouth. I followed his cock, thinking he was teasing me now, but he put a hand on my shoulder. I looked up. He was beyond words, making the "time-out" *T* with his hands. He needed a breather. His

cheeks were flushed and his breaths were long and quavering. I sat back on my heels and he slid to the floor.

"Dude. So good. But I need a sec. I almost blew."

"That wouldn't have been too bad."

"Wanna save my load for your ass," he said, smiling. I kissed him. I liked this pornified Tyler. "Let me take over," he whispered.

I leaned back on my elbows as he ran his hands over my torso. He was slow, taking it all in, the feel of a new body type: a boy, not a girl; a man, not a girl. He tweaked one of my nipples. I sighed. He leaned in and kissed me. Sweat dripped from his shaggy hair onto my forehead. His hands tugged at my belt buckle. It finally came loose and he yanked the belt out, tossing it aside. He unzipped my pants and reached into my boxers.

"Let me get a look at your dick."

He pulled it out. You could say I'm a grower, not a shower: ultimately not very long, but nicely thick with a big head. He slowly stroked me, his other hand back at my nipple. After a minute he sat back and raised his legs in the air, pulling his shorts and underwear from where they'd caught at his knees. I followed suit, raising my hips to take off my pants and boxers.

"Leave your shoes on," he told me. "This is porn, someone needs to keep their shoes on, and I'm already totally naked."

"The bottom traditionally keeps the shoes on anyway," I said.

We were back to staring at each other now.

"So," he said.

"So..." I said.

He leaned over me again, licking my nipple. I had an inkling he was copying my technique, but I didn't mind. He was learning. He kissed down my belly and stopped at my crotch, eyeing my dick. "I'm not so ready to dive right on that, bro," he said. "Sorry."

"Ah, no prob."

He grinned at me again, then quickly kissed my cockhead.

"Hm, not bad," he reported. "Now what?"

"Whatever."

He kissed me again. I was in front of the table, so while our tongues were busy, I reached up and blindly grabbed for the bottle of lube. No luck. I pulled away from Tyler and turned around as I got on my knees. I leaned to reach the lube and the condoms and Tyler smacked my ass and spread my cheeks. "Do I just...go in?"

"You need to get my muscles relaxed. A rim job, perhaps?"

"A wha?"

"Heh. Never mind. Take this and use your fingers."

"All right. Let's do this."

That nervous shaking feeling came over me again. I lay down to relax and focus on not shaking. Behind me, I heard Tyler open the bottle of lube. I imagined him doing a one-handed thumb flick, taking expert care as he held his other hand out, open and ready for the lube. Except that's not what happened. I felt a sudden blast of

cold goo spurt into the crack of my ass. I inhaled through my teeth, "Ssssssssss...!"

"What's up?" he asked. "Did I...hurt you?"

"Too...cold...asshat."

"Oh. Am I supposed to warm it up?"

"Erm, yeah."

"How? Like in the microwave?"

"Well, you can shove the bottle up your ass and hold it there for five minutes. That's standard procedure. Or, you can squirt some in your hands and rub it between your palms."

"Like hand sanitizer."

I snorted a laugh. "Yes. Like hand sanitizer. Have you never watched porn?"

"Up until about twenty-four hours ago, I was pretty set in my straightness. So no. I haven't seen much porn involving lube."

"Twenty-four hours. Wow. You've been thinking of doing this to me for twenty-four hours?"

"And just how many times have you jerked off thinking about me?" "Never! And hurry up. The lube is drying."

And with that he jabbed his middle finger into me. I wasn't expecting it, so I gasped, then sighed. My dick, harder again, was trapped under my leg. I hadn't realized it had softened. Slowly fingering me, Tyler asked, "Like this?"

"Mmm, yeah."

And I experienced another one of those shivers. It dawned on me that *this was really happening*. Tyler was really here. He was naked. Not just naked, but behind me, learning how to fuck me. Lubing me up and readying my ass for his use. Really! I clenched. Tyler pulled his finger out.

"Everything all good down there? Or is it in there?"

"All good. Very, very good. I'm ready for another finger."

He slid his middle finger back in. "Yeah?"

"Mmm-hm."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"Ready?"

"Just put it in!"

In went his index finger. My hole swallowed it, greedy. I groaned and lolled my head back, my pulse speeding up as he went deeper than before. Two fingers, two knuckles in. Now I was sweating. He was slowly going in and out, his knuckles rubbing the rim of my hole. My eyes were practically crossed by now. I wanted more. I wanted Tyler to fill me up.

In and out, repeat. He turned his hand, went in, turned it again and came out at another angle. He was getting good at this.

"Whatcha thinking about?"

"I can't believe this is happening. Me. You. You in me."

"Yeah?" Did I mention he had the sexiest fucking way of saying

that?

"Yeah. I also can't believe this is your first time doing this. You're really good at this."

"Yeah?"

I sighed. "Yes. Surprisingly good."

And in went three fingers. I gasped, clenched for a second, then relaxed.

"Tell me I'm good."

"You're good. Fucking awesome. At fucking."

"Mmm, yeah, you know I fucking am."

He chuckled. A low, satisfied chuckle. He knew he was good.

I started to slowly thrust my hips, keeping time with his fingers.

"You can fuck me any time. I'm well and properly relaxed."

"You dudes with your asses needing relaxing," he joked. "You sure?"

"Yes, yes! Put it in me now!"

He grabbed the box of condoms and took out the chain. "Say please." $\label{eq:say_please}$

"Please please please fuck me, Tyler."

He tore a condom off the strip and ripped it open with his teeth. He was so expertly efficient at this, all I saw was a blur. He rolled the condom on and I saw how his massive dick swelled in the tight latex. I had a moment of panic and crawled forward on my elbows.

"Ah, ah, ah. Not so fast, Mr. Bottom." He grabbed my ankles and pulled me back. He straddled my thighs with his knees. I heard the lube flick open, heard it squirt. "I think I got too much lube," he muttered.

"No such thing."

"Really?"

"I'll have to remember that."

And another shiver came over me. He was hinting that this wouldn't be the last time we fooled around. We weren't even done with the first time and I couldn't wait for more. I can be such a greedy little pig.

He used his fingers again to make sure I was open and ready.

I was.

I felt pressure from the tip of Tyler's dick against my ass. He grabbed my hips and pulled me onto his length.

"Ummmggghhhh," I half groaned, half shouted. I was in heaven. Absolute heaven.

From his position, Tyler didn't have to work too much to fuck me. He held on to my hips and rode hard, thrusting from his knees. He was a strong, silent fucker. Sweat dripped onto my back. I imagined him in a glazed frenzy. He leaned back and grabbed my calves, stroking them the way I'd teased his legs. This was an even better position: now his hips were even with my ass and he went straight in

and out, burying his cock even deeper, hitting my prostate each time, sending my nerves to jangling. I was seeing stars. He pushed himself back up and smacked my asscheeks. He was pumping harder now, grunting. He was loving this as much as I was! Objectively, I wanted to pick his brain, to learn what he was thinking about the experience. Subjectively, I was in the physical moment, relishing the heat of his slick skin and the weight of his tight body.

He wrapped his arms under my armpits as leverage to fuck me even more deeply. He bit my shoulder and kissed my neck. He nibbled my earlobe and whispered, "How's that big cock feel, dude? You like it? Can you take it? You like my cock in your ass?"

I was so astounded, so overcome with sensation I couldn't respond.

He brought his arms out from under me and then he laid his palms flat on the floor. I felt his weight come off of me, but his dick was still pumping in and out of me. Gravity was causing his balls to smack wetly against my ass. I always loved that sound.

"Um, are you doing push-ups right now?"

"Is that a problem?" He bit my shoulder, then licked it.

"Let me get on all fours and you can fuck me like that."

"Pushy, pushy."

"It's called being a power bottom."

Never once taking his cock out of me, he got into a squat as I raised up onto my knees. His athleticism was truly astounding. He balanced himself with my shoulder and used a hand to smack my ass with each thrust now. He pulled himself all the way out of me, then threw himself back in. He was filling me up, ping-ping -pinging my prostate like a champion. A thread of precum dripped from my cock. On one thrust my dick flopped up, the precum spattering my chest. Tyler leaned back over me, holding my torso as he licked my spine down to the top of my ass and up to my shoulder blades. He used a hand to slowly jerk my dick, using my precum as lube.

"Hey, Tyler," I gasped.

"Yeah?"

"I'm really super close. Can we change positions?"

"I'm pretty close too. What position do you want?"

"I just want to see your face while you fuck me. I want to see your face when I come all over you."

"Can do."

He pulled out. I immediately wanted him back in me. I was so close, and my dick had barely been touched. I'd never gotten so close just from anal action.

Tyler kneeled again as I turned and sat. I raised my legs and wrapped them around his slender, solid torso. He grabbed my hips and guided himself back into me. I rested on my elbows, realized this wasn't the most comfortable position, and told him. I put my arms around his neck and sat into his lap, letting the length of Tyler's manhood fill me again. *Perfect*.

I anchored myself with one arm and pushed with my heels. We were in perfect sync now, him thrusting in and out, me riding along.

"How you doing?" he asked. He leaned in and kissed me.

"Good. Close. You?"

He wiped his brow with a forearm and laughed. "I'm close, too. But I was thinking there's got to be an easier way than this. Next time we're using my bed." He started jerking me off.

"Will there be a next time?" I asked.

"If you want there to be."

"I do. And then, next next time we can use my bed."

"Then after that we can use the couch."

He was pumping into me harder and faster. Slamming into my body, making sure I felt every inch. My toes curled into the floor. I gasped, "Then the table!"

"I want to fuck you on every piece of furniture in every room in this apartment."

That did it. That and him jerking me off. I arched my back, curled my toes until I was digging into the floorboards and groaned as my dick exploded. Gobs of cum shot out of me. The first load landed on Tyler's shoulder, the next splattered his chest, coating his newly grown-out pelt. I was full of adrenaline now and rode his thrusts like a wild animal (later Tyler told me I was screaming). Two more thick ropes shot out of me, one *over* Tyler's shoulder, the other onto his face, one last spurt splashing his abs. I swear my eyes were in the back of my head by the time I was done coming.

Tyler rolled his head back. I wanted him to feel every bit as good as I did. I clenched my ass and rode him, up and down, up and down, grinding into his hips. Tyler was shaking now, his eyes closed and a smile widening across his face, bigger and bigger. One knee lost its balance and he lost all control. He came with a series of "Uh! Uhs!", spasming and thrusting each time.

After he came he pulled out of me and collapsed. I collapsed right after him and slid the condom off of him. I tossed it to the side. We were getting so *messy*.

"Okay. I may have the biggest dick, but damn boy, you can shoot!" I smiled and agreed.

"That was fun." Tyler had gotten his breath back. I was resting my head on his chest. Sweat was pooling under us. The whole apartment smelled of pure sex. I took a deep breath.

"Way fun. Can't wait till next time."

"Ugh. I'm way too tired to even think of next time."

"Me too." I wasn't, but I didn't want to break the boy. "But next time, let's have a proper porn cumshot."

"Oh, yeah. The famous pull out. I'm a little nervous now that I've seen you unload. Might get wad-envy."

"If I can sit with you, dick next to dick, you can deal with losing the cum-petition."

We groaned. I could be so lame sometimes.

"You know what, bro. I'm really hungry now."

"Yeah, but I'm not really in the mood for Ramen. Or peanut butter. Unless I suck it off your dick."

He laughed. We both shouted, "Next time!"

We tried to figure out what was for dinner in the cafeteria.

"Before we even consider heading out, we need a shower," I told him.

"A shower. We could save time and water if we showered together."

"It's being environmental, really."

"Just one thing, though."

'What?'

"I want to know the truth. Did you really never jerk off thinking about me?"

I blushed. "Okay. Once." Since we were being so open with each other, I decided to tell him the whole truth. "Just once. Right after I picked your funky underwear off the floor and *almost* took a whiff."

He laughed. "Really?"

"Really." I sat up.

Tyler stood and surveyed the room. He found what he was looking for. His underwear. He tossed them to me. "Have a souvenir. Of our first time."

I saw he was getting hard. I took a sniff of the underwear and nodded in approval. I was getting hard too. "You know," I said. "Showers are excellent places for next times."

We grinned at each other. He took my hand. We raced to the bathroom. We didn't bother closing the door.

YOUR JOCK

Simon Sheppard

Even the worst sex can be grist for a decent story. The same with emotional train wrecks. An author should be grateful for whatever inspiration pops up, for the intervention of even the most unattractive of muses. So I want to thank you—and your jockstrap—for this particular piece.

It's the depths of January. You show up at my door just three minutes after the time we'd arranged, which pleases me; punctuality is at a premium when it comes to sex that's been arranged for online.

And—why not just say it?—I've really been looking forward to your arrival. For several reasons.

First off, I have—perhaps stupidly—something of a fetish for English guys. I have no idea where that comes from, though I suspect it might date back to my formative years, when the Rolling Stones were king and "English" equaled "cool." And yes, I know full well that some white boy from London looks like some white boy from New Jersey, that it's really just a matter of accent...and the increased probability of foreskin. Nevertheless, when I saw that your email header read *Brit boy*, my dick took tumescent notice.

Then, too, there's the way you look...of course. Not impeccably gorgeous, but then, that was never my thing. Perhaps it stemmed from my own insecurity, or I took it as a maybe-accurate sign of vulnerability on your part, but the trace of zits in your attached JPEG—combined with your full lips and the almost-challenging look in your eyes—had made my dick even harder. And there was, yes, a second shot, too: a close-up of your erect cock wrapped in a rubber, shoving its way out of ripped-up, ostentatiously stained white briefs. Pervert's paradise!

You were, too, apparently quite kinky...charmingly so, judging by our one and only phone conversation (when I'd happily wallowed in

the sound of your accent, rubbing myself all the while). But then, I'm perverse enough to love any sex-based conversation that ends with, "Okay, I'll stop at Trader Joe's before I get there."

Which you have. When I open the door, there's a grocery bag on the hallway floor. You've put it there because we've arranged that you'll de-pants in the hall, and sure enough, by the time I first see you, you've already kicked off your shoes and are unzipping your fly. And yes, you are hot, so hot, as you stare into my eyes while, only a bit awkwardly, taking off your jeans. And then there you are, clad only in your T-shirt, patterned socks and jockstrap. A moderately bulging jockstrap, nicely stained, just north of slim and very hairy thighs.

Your jock.

Which is not to say that I have any sort of a jock fetish. You do, though, and that makes this hot.

Your jock.

Your fucking jock.

You're standing there, looking expectant. I'd be happy just gazing at you a good long time, but there's someone who lives just across the hall, and he's a Republican.

"Pick up your stuff and come in," I say, aiming for a tone of quiet dominance. Who knows, maybe I achieve it.

You walk in, shopping bag in one hand, pants and shoes in the other, and I point the way to the bedroom, following your delightfully hairy ass—oh, excuse me, *arse*—that's framed, irresistibly, by stretchy white elastic.

Proud as an eight-year-old, you set down the grocery bag and show me what you've brought: whipped cream, yogurt, a dozen eggs. I try to exhibit enthusiasm. I did warn you that I wasn't particularly into food play. But hey, I'm a top; unlike many a self-styled submissive bottom, I aim to please.

What immediately follows is the Usual Basic Stuff. You whip out your dick, uncut as expected, though I could have done with a bit more foreskin, and, pleasingly, sporting a nice thick drop of precum at the tip. I slap your ass. You suck my cock. All the while, I keep glancing over at the can of whipped cream, anticipating the main event.

I'd quickly found out in that phone call that you, like me, are overeducated; when I'd mentioned Foucault's notion of power, you'd known without further explanation just what I meant. And we'd talked about *The Story of the Eye*, a famous transgressive novel by Georges Bataille, a famous French drunk. There was a scene in that book in which a naked woman sits in a bowl of raw eggs. Now life was about to imitate art. Or something.

Of course, the French think too much about everything, and then talk about it even more. So perhaps it's permissible to point out that the Bataille book used the egg as a symbol of generative power, albeit perverted, redirected toward pleasure, not reproduction. But

that was a het scene; when it's a matter of two men, things are bound to get symbolically mucked up. Nevertheless, I'm more than willing to live with that. Especially since my cock is so goddamn hard.

I get you on all fours. You have, as per my request, not showered, and your ass is, I already can tell, fairly ripe. I reach over for the whipped cream, shake the can, spread your buttcheeks and plant a graceful little rosette right in the middle of your hairy crack. Oh, yum. I dive in, licking away the cream until I get to the hole, eating a funk sundae.

"And now," I say, your smell on my lips, "time for the main course." Once we get to the bathroom, I strip down and join you in the tub. We stand face-to-face, me suddenly noticing how very, very blue your eyes are. I reach over into the carton perched on the back of the toilet and pluck out an egg. I crack the shell on the curtain rod. Your blue eyes widen. The egg is still cold in my hand. I hold it in front of your face, pull apart the shell, and let the raw goo ooze down over your hairy chest.

You sigh, then moan. It is, if not precisely my erotic dream of a lifetime, exciting enough to keep my dick fully charged. When I reach over for another egg, you say, "Put it in my jock. Please. Sir." So how can I resist? I crack open the shell, pull your jock away from your hard dick with one hand, and do a one-handed egg dump into the pouch with the other, dexterous as Julia Child. And then a second one, the stretchy, prestained pouch starting to fill up, egg white, then yolk, oozing out of the elastic mesh.

The floor of the tub, spattered with raw egg and broken shells, has gotten perilously slippery. Unsafe sex for sure, but I still manage to get three more eggs broken into your athletic supporter without falling down.

And then you say, in that charming accent of yours, "I've really got to piss, Sir. Please?"

I nod gravely, orphanage owner to your Oliver Twist.

And piss spurts out of your pouch, not one stream, but several, jetting off in divergent directions.

It's ravishing, simply ravishing.

When the bright-yellow flows have ceased, I crack an egg on your head, slapstick if it weren't so sexy. The contents ooze down over your pretty face, sullying what's already appealingly imperfect. You're so fucking happy that you look like an angel. Then you, cheekily, reach for an egg and crack it over my head in turn. It's cold and gooey. Clearly, you're not as submissive as all that. I think I'm falling in love.

I grab the container of yogurt and smear a chilly handful over your chest, then another on your belly, and you dip into the dairy and smear me in turn, and that's when the giggling starts. Instead of two very naughty serious men, we have become two very naughty laughing boys.

Mutual masturbation ensues. And some kissing, fraught with the peril of salmonella.

After an extended cleanup, in which I carefully hose down the tub so neither of us will slip and kill himself—an odd demise to explain to a coroner, even in San Francisco—we chat for a while as you slowly get dressed.

"I don't think," you say in that irresistible accent of yours, "we'll be doing this again. See, I find you fascinating, and I prefer not to have sex with people I actually like. I'm sorry, but..."

My mind glosses over the unearned compliment and goes straight to the "Oh, shit" moment.

After you leave, I jack off; you had come when we were in the tub, but I had never gotten around to it. It feels great, and is a dandy way to put off cleaning up the bathroom.

You've left your wringing-wet jockstrap behind, so there is some hope we'll at least see each other sometime. I let it dry, but it retains a distinct stench—a rotten-egg smell, not the appealing stink of sex—and I end up washing it.

It's not until the following day that I remember that some years back I published a story, "The Boy Who Read Bataille," that contained a raw egg scene. I send it to you without rereading it. You write back that you were sad because the guys in the story don't remain together, perhaps ironic in light of your having already told me that our little fandango, too, was a one-off.

I decide to let you make the next move. You don't. Then, quite unexpectedly, after weeks of silence, you get in touch, just when I'm partway through writing a story about you and me, tentatively titled "Your Jock." (I always assure folks that I do not in fact base my short stories on anything that's really happened to me, but the authorial flesh is weak.)

I tell you that I've been wearing your jock, with its woven mantra of *Bike Bike*, around the house, pissing in it, using it to wipe up my cum, in an attempt to restore its stinky faded glory. I find that very hot, my dick being where yours has been.

This apparently strikes a chord with you, as well. You propose going for a walk in Dolores Park on this warm February day, just for a chat, nothing more.

I meet you there, of course I do, you looking particularly sweet in bicycle shorts that calculatedly show off your hairy legs.

But I don't even have time to ask you why, though you've told me you went to Oxford, your Facebook page says you were educated somewhere considerably less glamorous—hell, you'd lied about your age, too—before you grab my crotch and murmur to me that you want to get fucked.

So we walk back to my place and you, a mere ten minutes later, are sitting on my hard-on while wearing your jock. Your jock. There's a certain amount of excessive bouncing, but as I look up at your face, it's heaven, really it is. You come too quickly, but I don't

mind. What I do find disappointing is your telling me once again that you're feeling weird about the sex because, well, you like me and you figure this will be the last time, no, really....

I do ask for the chance to bury my face in your armpit just once more. You seem never to use deodorant, which makes me very happy, and the smell will linger on my face for hours.

Days after that equivocal fuck, resigned to not having any further sex—much less messily egg-splatted sex—with you, I email you to invite you to go see a movie. Twice. No response.

And then a third email, just to see what's up. I even tell you that I can take a hint, but I'll give it one more shot. Again, no response from you. Hey. Maybe you've left town or found a monogamous boyfriend. But more probably, I've been unceremoniously dropped; I suppose I'm just too fascinating for my own good. It's a shame you're neither polite nor courageous enough to drop me a line, but then, I've always been a remarkably bad judge of character where crushes are concerned.

In the meantime, I've finished writing "Your Jock," and read it at Perverts Put Out!, a local performance series that I host, dropping my pants at the end to show the audience that I am, yes, still wearing your athletic supporter. The audience loves it. Later, I even offer to email the story to you so you can read it, an offer you pretty fortunately don't take me up on.

Weeks pass. The memory of you, like the thought of many another glorious trick of the past, fades into present lusts.

In time, I even stop jacking off to your picture.

Then one April day I realize, with a minor start, that the deadline for submitting stories to *Best Gay Erotica* fast approaches. I decide to revamp "Your Jock" and send it along. Which is when, through sheer serendipity, I run across a quote from Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, the avatar of—yes!—masochism. *Venus in Furs* and all that. "The moral of the tale is this," sayeth he. "Whoever allows himself to be whipped deserves to be whipped."

Since I'm getting horny rewriting the egg scene, I put an anonymous ad up on Craigslist, an ad almost identical to the one you originally answered. And—just like in one of my creaky stories—the first response that comes in is yours; you apparently didn't even recognize the picture of my dick.

So you seemingly are still alive and well and at least sporadically horny. And—for whatever reason—now utterly disinterested in me. When I email a "What a coincidence!" response, I don't expect to hear any more from you. And of course, I don't. Not a word. Not even a "Give me back my fucking jock!"

And now this tale has reached its little foredoomed end, at least for now.

But I still have it. I do.

I'm wearing it now, while I finish working on the story. It's pressing up against my cock.

Your jock. Your fucking jock.
Like some perverted piece of the True Cross.
Your jock.
My dick is hard as the proverbial rock.
And maybe I do deserve to be whipped.

BEFORE THE PLANE

Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore

When this guy asks me why I'm at the Phoenix, I say this may sound strange but I'm here because I know there's no smoke. He wants to know if I read science books, or science fiction, or this other book that's not really either one but it's about the way people with mental illnesses were treated at the turn of the century and it's very sad. It's still sad, I say, maybe in a different way but it's still sad. You're right, he says.

This is the guy who came up and asked if I wanted to talk to him— I clocked him right away as someone with a speed problem, sitting by the door all jittery he was one of the other lonely characters in the bar and he wasn't drinking either. Lonely in a different way because maybe it's more obvious that he doesn't belong—he's older, and doesn't fit any of the fashion types—he's from Riverdale but he lives far out in New Jersey, he likes it better because of the trees. I know where Riverdale is because Andee worked there as a nanny in this enormous house that a married couple of anesthesiologists were renovating. Andee had a glamorous suite but I'm guessing this guy is from a different part of Riverdale, not the rarefied mansions but the working-class part he wanted to escape. He's a writer too, he writes contracts for ConEdison. When I tell him why I'm at this bar, he wants to know if I've been to Christopher Street; sure it's right where I'm staying but it seems kind of guiet. I might go to Ty's later, he says, and I could drive you over there. No thanks, I say-I'm just going to walk around. Then he wants to know if I want to go to 311 Irving Plaza. What's 311 Irving Plaza? It's a gay bar, he found it on the Internet and we could walk over there.

There's nothing for me to do at a bar like this without dancing or sex and I'm talking to this guy whose eyes stare awkwardly and jerky and just then someone calls, unknown number—I'm going to answer this call I say and no way it's Andee, kind of late for her it's

close to eight a.m. in London. Hold on a second, I say, I'm going outside, and I say to the guy: it's my friend Andee, who lived with me when I lived in New York I mean we went out together but now he lives in London, I'm going to go outside to talk to him but it was really nice meeting you. I like your sweater, he says, and touches my chest gently. Then I'm outside and Andee says where are you?

This is when I'm really sad, leaving this guy who everyone leaves. I mean he's scared and no one's talking to him and then he touched my sweater and I hate gay bars there's no reason for me to go to gay bars and Andee says where are you?

I'm on Avenue A, walking by all the places we used to go together, saying to tell you the truth I wish Wonderbar was still open but if it was then there would probably be smoke and then I couldn't go there anyway and I'm going to that convenience store where I used to get bottled water that wasn't cold, it was lined up in the window, where is that convenience store is it this one? No, maybe it's not there anymore, oh here it this—dammit I need to get something to eat but I don't want to go back to Second Avenue to the place with the vegan pizza because I'm trying to get to some place on Avenue C to see if there's any smoke or maybe I'll go to 7A and get steamed vegetables.

I wish I were there with you, Andee says. If you were here, I say, we could go to the place with the vegan pizza—you would like that place.

Okay, I need to get past steamed vegetables and past the bar that used to be Wonderbar, maybe I should go in just to see; while I'm walking past I notice that maybe mainstream gay people look at me differently here, they kind of seem interested like they're cruising me, I mean the ones who don't immediately giggle or glance in that shady way but anyway I'm getting past that and past Avenue C where the bar I'm going to says it's closed for renovations. Now I'm getting to that point where my body is hurting from too much walking, even without a bag I left the house without a bag I was saying to Andee that's one thing I like about New York, that I can find something late at night that I can eat and Andee said: a plane?

I know. A plane. It's going to destroy me. I'll be sick for weeks, and then I'll fall into that deep dark sinus-induced depression that lasts forever.

Andee says: it's the same distance to London, you should fly to London.

But then I wouldn't be able to get back.

New York is even preppier than I remembered—even the fashionistas are wearing peacoats just something a little more tailored. Or one of those army-type jackets with big hoods, lined with fleece or fake fur, is that an anorak? Or a parka? Gina has one that everyone wants—I have to look at it more closely to figure out why. She wants it because it fits her, and it keeps her warm so she doesn't even have to wear a scarf but I know that's not why

everyone wants it.

I figure I'll go to another bar for a moment and flirt with someone and I need to piss anyway but maybe I should go home, I mean to where I'm staying and then I'm pissing on the corner because I can't decide. That's when I realize oh, the porn theater, that's better than a bar, and soon enough I'm downstairs even though they're charging ten dollars and there's probably no one there but then there is someone, with one of those big army-type jackets with a hood, the kind of cologne which is maybe supposed to smell like something natural, here I'm thinking vetiver even if I don't know what vetiver smells like and I kiss his neck, rub his chest but I can tell that's not what he wants so then down for his cock, first through his jeans that thickness right away I'm kind of biting yes finally it feels like finally even if I haven't been looking, yes my lips and this moisture, this open mouth for everything that fits everything.

Thrusting into my mouth yes this is my mouth and thrusting, hold, thrusting just what I need just this. He says I wish we were out there in the open, I'm not sure why since he wasn't cruising anyone else then he wants to open the door, sure, poppers no but I could stay here forever except my feet will hurt and then he wants to take a break, maybe he's about to come or maybe drugs mean he's not going to come, why are you going to take a break when there's no one else you want to have sex with it's empty except for three guys passed out and two brooding bruisers. I know you weren't hot for the bruisers because you were looking for me—that's what I'm thinking but I say okay, wait I'll just go softly for a moment but then he's fucking my face yes he's fucking my faith until hand on the back of the head, yes on the back of the head and yes I can tell he's coming but I can't taste it maybe because it just goes right down my throat, yes.

I stand up to kiss him on the neck again, and then out of the booth I ask if he's getting any exciting messages, since he's poking at the phone, poke poke, he says he's checking his Facebook, I say this is a pretty nice space how come more people aren't here? He thinks maybe it's because of the arrests, there was a sign upstairs about people getting arrested for prostitution although it's hard to imagine much prostitution here and I'm sure it must be something else people are afraid of. I'm thinking about tailored peacoats and anorak jackets all slim and stitched all over the place; his is bigger, the tougher look but a gay voice unafraid and when I'm putting my layers back on, pulling up from sucking his cock he likes my sweater. This is the yellow one, women's cardigan with cable stitching although what is cable stitching? I want to know where else is fun, he says he's probably going home in a few minutes but I don't mean that I mean where can I go for more sex and, okay, the place of my former dreams the dreams when I lived in New York not quite dreams because when I lived in New York I felt suffocated hard to dream except in those moments, dreams are always moments anyway and I'm right around the corner, he says there's no smoke should I trust him?

Yes, the Cock, yes I'm there paying the same woman with a British accent who took the money ten years ago, at least on certain days, probably they chose a woman so not too many people would get in for free, guys I mean there are only guys here really except for the door person who's always friendly and polite not the other kind of New York I mean not New York really except this is New York and we know she's been here for at least ten years but the point is that yes, the Cock, and actually there isn't any smoke. They've changed the decor so it looks like when it was at the original location not this location which was called Fat Cock when it opened and then it was just everyone standing around in attitude but now it's gutted and dark and so packed it's hard to get anywhere, especially to the coat check way in the back but you won't believe what they're playing, Andee you won't believe it Andee they're playing "I Got My Education"! I got my education. I got my education. I got my education.

And then of course I'm looking for the sex, not like before at the Cock with a back room now there are no back rooms this is the new New York although that was the new New York too but this is newer: more peacoats and cologne. I'm loving the music but ready for sex, swallowing someone's come was such a great starter now I don't feel crazed just confident. Two guys on the bench making out, I say why don't you suck his cock? But people are shy now, sure the place is flirty but everyone's waiting. The first guy leaning sort of against me isn't the hottest around but why am I looking for standards I mean he's hot this big guy with a soft muscularity, shaved head, maybe more Chelsea than East Village but what is East Village now except for fashion. I kiss him on the neck and then we're making out he's grabbing my dick, hard, and he wants to go in the bathroom, why the bathroom—there are too many people waiting in line to do bumps.

Do you see what I mean about the newer New York? He's from the Dominican Republic, which is old New York to me and I say why don't you suck my dick right here? Here, he says, like I just said something desirable but impossible, false naïveté of course that's New York forever. So I take my dick out and he squeezes it, lets out one of those sounds of desire I can never quite name somewhere between a moan and a grunt and a groan and I pull his head over, I'm kissing him as the two guys on the bench try to look like they're not leaning forward to see but then the guy I'm kissing gets nervous and goes to the bathroom.

I sit down on the bench with the two guys making out, one of them has his hand on the other one's neck. I say you could keep your hand on his head just like that while he's sucking your cock. This is what I like about my mood and I want it to be a turning point, I mean not here tonight where I'm still assessing the air periodically

with a deep inhale just to make sure but really no smoke. It doesn't smell good or anything—everyone's sweating out drugs and discomfort and disdain but there's no smoke and so I kind of love it. But my mood, a turning point, I mean I'm going right up to everyone and right away hitting on them, like I'm waiting in line for a urinal and I keep kissing guys on the neck, talking to people about the music yes the music, laughing, at first I think the guy next to me is the guy I was kissing, do I really say I thought you were someone else he says there is no one else, you're right I say and I'm kissing him while he's pissing not so much cruising as a kind of friendliness that maybe only happens in two a.m. bars known for sluttiness where I have a history and therefore a sense of place that makes me feel like I can make things happen. Or maybe something has changed and I can just go right up to guys like this, here or anywhere that's what I'm hoping.

When I'm done pissing, there's this guy with black glasses and a collared shirt with some angles maybe a soft leather suburban urban but cute. I start kissing him he's waiting for the urinal and then when I'm back near the bench there's this preppy guy with short hair almost buzzed, wearing a white button-down untucked over jeans, who works that kind of look at a slutty bar in the East Village? Apparently at least three guys, because when I try to find him later there are at least three guys who look the same. But first I'm kissing his neck and I notice he's wearing the other kind of cologne, not vetiver the kind that just smells like you'll never get it out of your clothes, shower after shower and it's still in your skin but I kiss his neck twice anyway, once on each side, a little bit of a bite and then back to his lips, that fruity taste in his mouth but there's this other guy with his shirt off, waxed chest Chelsea wannabe who's already got button-down looking at something in his boxers. I don't want to interrupt but waxed chest says are you friends? Then he says it again: are you friends?

Aren't we all friends?

Here's the other thing about this bar and other bars like it in New York: I'm totally an item, and I don't have to perform one particular thing in order to stay that way—I can make queeny jokes, laugh about the music, and then get down for someone's cock I mean that hasn't happened yet but you know it's on the horizon I love that horizon and then I'm on my knees for the guy with the white button-down. I can't tell you exactly how it happens because first it's waxed chest who's over there but not for long and then I'm giving white button-down all sorts of extra rubbing on legs and stomach and chest just to tell him I appreciate him and then the best part is when I stand up for all that crazed kissing with the fruity taste in my mouth, later I realize it's probably what he was drinking but it doesn't taste like alcohol it tastes like purity. The way his tongue reaches forward and stays there and I grab his head when he starts to pull back then down for his cock again hands inside pants going

up calves until he starts to pull up his pants so I stand and grab his head for more fruit but he has to look for his friend I know that means I won't see him again but it's okay because I'm here in this mood that will hold me.

Although it doesn't make sense that button-down was the first guy whose dick I sucked, hands grabbing my hair. It's funny because when I had hair that looked messy I didn't like people messing it up but now that my hair is in a neater style I'm okay with it. Or maybe I'm just okay with this guy grabbing my hair. And then the next one. And then the next one. I mean there really are that many, it's like I stand up and into someone's arms, tasting the difference.

Then falling down onto the bench for the guy in the striped shirt, shaved head a lot of shaved heads here and his is receding at first his dick remains semihard which means semisoft but then when I sit up and I'm kissing him, really grabbing his head and making out that's what's so hot about this place the making out. I mean it's also hot because there are so many guys I want to make out with and that makes the making out hotter and then when he pushes my head back down for his dick suddenly there's that thickness at the base and the urgency, the thing that hurts my jaw and usually I just get into the role anyway oh I love that role but this time I'm proud of myself for pulling away and going back to kissing him.

Then there's the guy with the black glasses over by the bathroom, is he still waiting in line? Or waiting for me—we're making out again and I can tell he's the one who's into me the most by the way he's kissing no that's not true because the preppy guy was more crazed about kissing but this is the guy who isn't going to run away or wait maybe I don't realize that until later because first he runs away. After biting my tongue, I say ouch even though it doesn't hurt it just seems like it might hurt. And then I end up sucking this other guy's dick, the cute young guy whose neck I first kissed in the bathroom when these two hot guys in tank tops were blocking the door, two of the only black guys in the bar making out with one another and this other guy walked by, a young Latino with wispy coiffed hair and they grabbed him and said isn't he cute but he seemed shy except now there's his dick in my mouth and then in someone else's no wait first someone else's mouth and then my mouth and then someone else's, oh the choreography on this bench in the back my home and every now and then a bright light but it's just someone checking his cell phone.

Remember what I said once about the places where fashion trumps masculinity, this isn't quite one of those places but it's something about the way it's supposed to be edgy that forces down the traditional boundaries of gay desire or maybe it just lets me in. Like I could go to a bar with more inhibitions maybe even one of the bars next door and no longer would some Chelsea guy or college realness or casual stubble fashion be reaching back for my crotch,

instead that more common look of overdone surprise a kind of snottiness there are so many.

So let's stay here on the bench in the back with this guy's cock in my mouth it doesn't matter whose cock really what matters is that I get to hug him soon or if I don't get to hug him at least I get to eat his come and then hug someone else. And when I kiss someone's neck and he's not interested, that's just part of the routine soon enough there will be another guy leaning into my arms my neck my lips, but when does the guy who was waiting in line for the coat check at the very beginning, when does he come into the story? Because I asked him if I could check his coat. Since I was getting in front of him the way everyone pushes forward and I could tell he wasn't pushing. And he said thanks, no one ever does that they just ignore you, and then later, yes later he comes up to me and says there you are and we're making out and then I think it's his cock I'm sucking later, after everything shifts to secretive and territorial although maybe eating his come is worth it.

The borderline is when the music changes from jumpy nineties queeny bitch house to bad top-40 diva rap, that's when I should leave. Right after I'm talking to another guy while I'm pissing, another kind of kissing, talking about how the music just became crap and he says it's just good dance music but then he realizes I called it crap and he gets confused. I'm guessing a language barrier; he's probably European. I like all the surprises in accents, I don't remember that as much from before. I've already told myself I'll leave before last call because that way I can get my coat before the rush and it's 3:25 now I should leave but I'm crazed for this expansive flow of falling into arms and legs around cocks and eves but eventually everything has guieted down except for one group in the corner. I can't tell if they're doing drugs or if it's sex since they're pushed shoulder to shoulder to create a secret space and when you try to look you can't guite see until I notice that someone's on his knees and so then I'm there too, well first kissing this guy with mod hair, square bangs he's one of the cutest ones but earlier he ignored my kiss on the neck. Sometimes I realize that when they ignore me it makes them more excited later, I'm not sure how to explain that except the way he's kissing me, yes for more tongue and his cock, wow his cock what makes his cock so hot except wait, I guess it's him he's so pretty and cocky too so there's a reason those words are the same. But also the thickness and the way it's so surprisingly hard, surprising because he's so coked out and that's probably where I get the coke in my mouth, he was the one creating the territory in the beginning and I should've stayed away for all those reasons but instead I'm on my knees for his cock, yes his cock is he one of the guys who comes in my mouth I'm not even sure.

But wait—before this is the guy with the black glasses, he's back. He says you're fun so I've got him up against the wall until I say do you want me to suck your cock? I say it because there's something shy about him but I can't say that I wait for him to answer. That's just before the one with the square bangs, after the one from the coat check line or at least I think it's him and this is when everyone is frantic to come which is kind of hot until people are practically pushing you over to get somewhere something now this they need it now pushing to get to one corner when it doesn't have to be in this corner. Before it felt open to the world but now it's secretive and desperate and there's that numbness in my mouth just before or just after I come, not the way I would like to come, frantic too and not even hard because I've waited so long past blow jobs that weren't working when they came from the people I wanted or that were working but not from the people I wanted and anyway I like waiting.

Then there's that annoying part where all these people push forward to get their lips around my dick or their hands on a little bit of that gunk and I have to push them all away just so I can feel something like an orgasm. I should have kept waiting, that's what I'm thinking after I come but I was worried that otherwise later I'd feel more frantic. Why can't it be all of us holding each other letting it all out with one collective sigh I mean not necessarily all at once but just present for someone else's needs? This is the part where it doesn't feel like that it feels sad. Except then I'm making out with the guy with the black glasses again; he wants to go home with me but I don't want to go home with anyone at 4 a.m. so then I'm in line at the coat check, worried that someone's coke got in my mouth, worried that I didn't leave early enough because now I can smell smoke from outside, pot smoke that started just a few minutes ago I could've left earlier and everything would be fine I hate thinking this wav.

Outside into the cold yes cold but it doesn't even feel cold anymore and some people are waiting around while others are waving in the street for cabs. And there's the guy with square bangs not mod anymore but preppy. The bangs are actually quite short, not much longer than a crew cut I should have mentioned that earlier, here he is in a tailored peacoat and I kiss him on the neck and you won't believe this, you really won't believe it. He says: thanks man.

Really. That's what he says. In this ridiculous butch dude voice like we're in a frat together and I'm startled because before I thought he was one of the queenier people in the bar. The taxi driver is one of those straight guys who wants to talk about how gay guys flirt with him. He goes to FIT, says he's probably the only straight guy fashion design student, can you imagine that? Gay guys are the best people to go out with, he says. Didn't I have this cab driver before, I mean ten years ago?

Okay, so I'm trying to get in bed as soon as possible, after taking my immune tincture, throat spray, more amino acids, eating, worrying about whether I'm wired because of the coke, hating myself for not leaving earlier just a little bit earlier just a half hour earlier, amazed that when I stretch I can actually do this one thing that I haven't been able to do since my back locked up two weeks ago it seems like a long time but it was only two weeks maybe all the sex helped my back instead of hurting it, wondering if my sinuses will be destroyed, sad that I don't have someone to make out with that I don't have phone numbers that no one wants phone numbers at places like that I mean almost no one, sad that it's over, wondering whether I should go back again before I leave even though the second time is never like, you know what I mean. wishing I didn't come and then I would still feel that amazing charge or at least that's what I tell myself, sad already because I was sad before and I'm sad again, sad that I didn't leave at exactly the right moment and when will I ever get back there, back to so much of what I want I mean it's been years since something like this so flawed vet so perfect and I'm wondering again if I'm wired because of the coke even though it could only be a tiny tiny bit still I'm so fragile vet strong for those two hours I want that strength I want that piece of my heart that's missing and so often I feel like I've

Then a sense of opening and I think oh, I have to get to that place I really really need to take all the steps no matter how stupid or awkward or scary or lonely or desperate they feel. But I'm about to get on a plane, it's already a week later and I'm really about to get on a plane I mean tomorrow. My sinuses are destroyed, nose running throat itching even something like a cough in spite of all the remedies and herbs and formulas I've been taking. And even without the congestion there's that wall that spreads through my head that wall of longing to feel something other than this feeling that everything can only lead to this feeling.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK

Jamie Freeman

George has a crooked grin on his face when I arrive. He's leaning against the fence rail wearing blue and khaki, legs crossed nonchalantly at the ankles. Light streams down from the canopy far above, transforming his body into a dappled landscape of dark and light. A white comet trail of drying cum is smeared across his midsection, shimmering in the patches of shifting light.

"Henry!" he shouts. "I was afraid the churchies got you this time." It's the same thing from him every Sunday. He thinks it's funny.

"Not this time," I say.

"Just as well," he says. "Just as well."

There's something reassuring about the ritual greeting, about having a place to go on Sunday afternoons, about knowing what to expect when I get there. Somehow it makes life milder and easier, like neutrals added to a spring wardrobe. Most days I'm just looking for a place to hide from the chaos for a while, a place to feel safe from the relentless temporal tide of new experiences. Sunday in the park with George is my religion. Dick is like communion; sometimes I partake, sometimes I don't.

I smile, settling next to him on the fence and feeling the lightness in the air.

"I see you took your first communion without me," I say.

He chuckles, slightly embarrassed. "New guy looked like that Wolverine—had to drain him."

"This is my cum you drink; this is my body you eat."

"Christ on a cracker, Henry. You're one fucked-up bubba." He's braying like a donkey now. I look at him sometimes and I can't believe a guy this disconnected and backward is an engineering professor. But I like him anyway.

I met George a couple of years ago. It was early morning and I'd

come down to the park for a run. I was wearing loose cotton shorts and a tank top, worn Nikes pounding through densely swirling, knee-deep fog. The fog absorbed all sound and made the world seem more like a soundstage than a city park. I was running along a packed dirt path that twisted through the woods in the direction of the lake. I was starting to pick up speed when I jogged around a giant lichen-covered boulder and I heard a soft, sexy whistle pierce the white stillness. I looked toward the sound and spotted George leaning against the boulder with his enormous cock sticking out of his jeans. It was still only partially erect, but he was slapping it against his hand like a pork tenderloin, coaxing it to startling length and girth.

I stopped dead in my tracks.

I glanced at his face—the plain round features and the dark, laughing Cherokee eyes—but all I could see was that enormous cock, growing and growing in front of my eyes.

I dropped to my knees in the dirt in front of him, took him in both hands and started working him over. I couldn't get much more than the giant purple knob into my mouth, but I sucked it like I was sucking the juice out of an orange. He squirmed and did a little shimmy with his hips, working his head deeper into my mouth. I used my hands to stroke him, working up to a fast rhythm, encouraged by his "yeah, babys" and his "that's its." I was drowning in precum and pulling on him with both hands when he cried out, "Comin' atcha." I pulled his head out of my mouth, yanking and tugging on the shaft until a gusher of cum burst out of his slit, splattering my shorts and soaking the front of my shirt.

"That was mighty fine," he said. "Mighty fine."

I tried to brush the cum off my shorts and shirt, but the gooey mess just smeared everywhere, and when I stood up I realized my knees were black with damp soil. I brushed at them too, but the cum mixed with the dirt and I finally gave up and legged it back toward my car, trying not to be seen in my sullied state.

I found out later that George is usually the one on his knees because most guys see his size and bolt like rats from a python. Eddie, one of the twinks who sometimes hangs out with me on Sunday afternoons, bumming cigarettes and gossiping about the others, says he once watched George fuck a guy against the outside wall of the men's room at the far side of the park. He said the guy's ass was stretched out like the Lincoln Tunnel, his lane wide enough for even George's wide load.

Eddie's usually full of shit, but George told me the same story one time, pointing to this guy we call the Hat (because he's always wearing one) and describing the sounds he makes when he's taking something up the ass. A week or two later I walked up on the Hat getting fisted in the back of a Toyota Camry. The windows were rolled down and the Hat's breath was exploding from his body in

staccato bursts like bullets from a human tommy gun. Just like George described.

I haven't seen the Hat in a couple of weeks, so I ask George what's up with him.

"He's here," George says. He points down a side path. "The Painter's finishing off the Hat."

The Painter's another regular. He has the dubious honor of having literally scared the shit out of this little twink we call Monkey (because he is skinny as a rail and he sometimes climbs up into the live oaks and drapes himself along the branches). Monkey was on the ground that day, strutting a little, but starting to lose his swagger as the sunny afternoon light shifted to deeper, evening hues. He passed me a couple of times with a look of desperation on his face, like he was suddenly afraid of the woods. The last time he passed me, I saw the Painter come zooming around the corner, walking fast. About ten minutes later Monkey came running back along the path, tears streaming down his face, holding the loose waist of his baggy jeans in a wad in his right hand. He tripped on a root when he reached the parking lot and flew at the ground, rolling and tumbling onto the gravel.

"You okay, kid?" I called, but he was up on his feet, running for his old Ford pickup. He was out of the parking lot by the time the Painter came stumbling up the path. He was buttoning the fly of his 501s with a dumb, half-stunned look on his beautiful face. I like looking at the Painter, with his strong jaw and patrician nose, his dark eyes and full, luscious lips, all the individual details coming together to form a radiant whole, like the face of Apollo staring down from a Roman altar. Sometimes he makes me feel things.

"What happened, man?" I asked.

He stopped and looked at me, blinking his eyes like I'd just turned on the light over his bed. His cheeks were spotted with pink, his lips red around the edges.

"I dunno," he said. "It's so strange."

I waited for him to process the moment.

"He was right there with me at first, down on his knees—kneeling on my shoes, actually, to keep his knees out of the mud—and his mouth felt so good, so tight and round and... moist, I guess. And he was moving through this rhythm, like he was trying things out to see what would make me groan loudest. He had his hands on my hips, banging me into his mouth—wham! wham! wham!—and then he stopped suddenly. And I said, 'Come on, Monkey,' and he leaned back on his heels and looked at me again and then—I swear to god this is true—it smelled like shit, suddenly, like he'd...I don't know about that part, really, but then he just took off like a bat out of hell. It was so strange. Do you think he got upset 'cause I called him Monkey? I mean, maybe he got offended or something."

"I don't think he knows we call him that," I said.

"Oh, shit. Do you think he thought I was being racist?"

"Maybe..."

"But he's white." The Painter looked distraught.

"Not cool, man. I think he's brown." I said this mainly to make the Painter squirm. I'm pretty sure Monkey's people were from Italy.

"I just don't know, Henry. He was so cute...and he kinda left me in the lurch."

I looked down at his pants. "What's that, dude?"

He looked down at the smears of wet scarlet that trailed down his right leg.

"It's paint."

"Looks like blood," I said.

"It's not. It's paint."

"Just sayin'," I said. "Looks like blood."

The Painter started rubbing the paint into the worn denim of his jeans. There was something sexy about the motion of his hands and I was mesmerized by the pale fingers streaked with red against the faded blue denim. I imagined the smell of the denim, the dampness of it near his crotch where his precum has soaked through. I could feel my cock slithering inside my underwear.

I shifted my weight from one foot to the other, considering my options. I was pretty sure Monkey stuck his hand in the wet paint and, bewitched and beguiled by the taste and scent of cock—and probably tweaking—mistook wet scarlet paint for blood. I laughed out loud, a sudden, harsh bark of a laugh that made the Painter look up. Our eyes locked, green confronting brown.

He put his fingertips on my hip. Sensation radiated out from the point on my hip like ripples in a still pond. He grabbed my arm and pulled me into the woods to finish what Monkey had left undone.

A couple of months later, the Arts section of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* ran a profile of the Painter. There were photos of him standing in a rather tidy, spacious loft in front of a trio of canvases in brilliant reds and oranges. One of the photo captions read, *Brilliant autumnal paintings from the Young Turk of Pointillism.* I was surprised by the extravagant praise heaped on a man who had once convinced me to pee on his muscular chest. The memory surfaced as I read the article: the waterfall of yellow cascading down the tan planes of his chest, the copper-colored nipples, the black running shorts tented beneath the flow, and then hovering wetly above all of that, the gaping mouth full of perfect white teeth, and the dark brown eyes, pupils wide with pharmaceuticals. The piss play had done nothing for me, but the ecstasy in his glazed eyes told me he was being transported beyond the yellow stream, beyond our sweating bodies or the green canopy above us.

I don't remember many details of the newspaper profile, but I do remember one image and one quote. The photo featured the Painter standing in blue jeans and a white T-shirt, his feet bare and his clothes speckled with red and yellow paint, hands crossed over his chest, his left hand holding half a dozen paint brushes tipped in red, yellow and orange. He had a look on his face that was somewhere between concentration and transcendence. And the quote was audacious in its simplicity: "Art is about taking all the fragments, all the bits and pieces of the world as we know it, and making meaning. Art gives meaning to our experiences."

I'm leaning against a wooden fence listening to George talk about a new guy he calls the Soldier. He's talking about having seen him a couple of times running in a tight gray Army T-shirt, about the pattern of the sweat stains on his muscular chest and under his arms. And then he's talking about sucking him off under a pedestrian bridge, about the big mushroom-headed cock and the scent of curry on his skin. And then he's talking about letting the soldier fuck him in the men's room near the band shell, about hearing an old Rosemary Clooney song coming in from the open window, and the overpowering smell of the newly painted stall walls. All of the pieces of his story are swirling around in my head, mixing with the voice of Rihanna coming from speakers out on the lawn beyond us. The yellow sun is high in a brilliant blue sky and I close my eyes, feeling the warmth on my cheeks and eyelids, and listening to George. "And he had these binoculars..."

"So what makes this one guy stand out? What makes that experience special?" I ask.

"He was hot," George says. "I just told you."

"But why tell that story?"

"You don't like it?"

"No, that's not what I mean. You know I love your stories."

"Like a Sunday sermon for the kneelers and the benders," he says.

"If it's a sermon, there's gotta be a message," I say. "I mean, there've been a lot of guys...what makes you remember this guy in such detail? The smells, the sounds—why is it so vivid?"

"It wasn't very long ago." George looks at me with dark eyes unaccustomed to abstraction. "And I have the database." The database started decades ago as a Lotus spreadsheet and has progressed to Excel and finally to an Iphone app in which he enters encoded information about all of his tricks. It is a mass of sortable data points; he gets hard just scrolling through the table, reading the dates and times and inches and sounds and positions and colors.

"Yeah, but...I mean, what makes it worth remembering?"

He blinks. "Are you putting me on?"

I let him off the hook. "Yeah, kinda."

He laughs, slaps me on the back and takes off for an ambling lap around the lake.

I lean back and close my eyes, letting the sun warm my face and neck. Bright colored dots appear on the inside of my eyelids, my own personal kaleidoscope. Sweat trickles down my back. I peel off my T-shirt and hang it over the fence rail.

Yesterday I was with a man I met on Craigslist. He had dark curly hair and a Cary Grant dimple in his chin. His body was plain and a little stocky, but his ass was flawless. His skin smelled of baby powder. The day before that I got sucked off under the stall in the men's room at Macy's by a guy with fat fingers and an MIT class ring. Before that there was a guy who wore a gingham shirt and yawned while he was blowing me; a guy who had a wide silver wedding band and a carpet of hair that enfolded his entire body like a wetsuit; a guy with amber eyes and overactive sweat glands; a guy wearing flip-flops in the elevator at work; a guy trying on khakis in the changing room at the Gap. I can take myself back a couple of weeks before the details become blurry, the incidents bleed into each other like chalk drawings on the sidewalk abandoned to the rain, and the majority of the experiences are lost.

I carry around bits and pieces of my past, holding them close and attempting to draw meaning from them, but sometimes I wonder if they are real or imagined.

When I was eighteen I met a guy named Tony in front of a rack of foreign films at Pick of the Flicks, a neighborhood video store. He was holding a copy of My Beautiful Laundrette and reading to himself. His lips moved slightly as his eyes scanned the words. He was tall and chubby, but he had beautiful hands and an amazing. wide-open smile. I struck up a conversation, which moved from the video store to a coffee house to the apartment he shared with a couple of other guys. Pretty soon we were naked, rolling around on his futon beneath a poster of Madonna, with "Northern Exposure" on the television, and then he was lying on his back, looping his arms under his legs and pulling them back to expose his pungent, intriguing rosebud. I slid two fingers inside, feeling my way around the loose heat. I grappled with a condom and plunged in a little too quickly. There was a little stop-and-go, but when he got used to me we found the rhythm and he started yelling like it was the end of the world. About the time his roommates started banging on the wall he shouted, "I'm comin', stud!" and shot all over himself. I was right behind him, straining and pumping, wracked by a truly powerful orgasm. When I had depleted myself, he pulled me against his chest and I was shaking so hard I couldn't resist. We squelched together on his bed. I felt tremors rocking his body. "Holy shit," he said over and over like a mantra, rocking me against him until he started to cry quietly in the candlelight. John Corbett's calming voice whispered from the little television, the sound drifting in the air above us, blending with the smell of sweat, lube and vanilla candles.

I remember that night so vividly that even now I can conjure the details: the smell of his body, the feel of his chest shaking beneath mine, the sound of him crying, the candles, the television—even the straining postorgasmic exhaustion I felt that night—but I cannot

remember his face. And I did not remember it nearly ten years later when we met under different circumstances at a friend's wedding. Tony, now heavier and married, approached me with a plate of cake balanced in one hand and said, "Dude, please don't say anything."

I had no idea what he was talking about.

"Okay," I said.

He broke into a relieved grin. "Thank you. It was a long time ago and, well..." He looked around the room to see if anyone was listening and then lowered his voice to a whisper. "It was the best sex I ever had. I mean, it almost spoiled me for women completely."

"Oh, well. Thanks, man."

"You don't remember."

"Um..."

"I'm Tony. We met at Pick of the Flicks like, ten years ago." He started giving me details and it was not until he mentioned "Northern Exposure" that I realized who he was. He remembered different details too. He said we were standing in new releases; that we'd gone to Chili's for drinks; that he'd been living with a girlfriend who was out of town. He remembered *me* crying as I lay on his chest. I watched him recount the tale with detached amazement. We might have lived entirely different experiences, so radically different were our memories. But something had happened that night: something that made him cry and something that made me have that crazy, overwhelming orgasm. So why were our memories so different?

Tony wandered off and danced with his pretty, overweight wife. I drank whiskeys at the bar and wondered which of us remembered more of the truth, and whether it mattered. Was the core experience —the emotion, not the meaning—the same for both of us? But I was too distracted by the pale blue eyes and dark brooding evebrows of the bartender to let my questions evolve in the direction of answers. Toward the end of the night I knelt behind his furry ass among the boxes in the back of the catering van. I pushed him forward on his elbows, grabbing his hips to position his ass in front of my face. The smell was exotic and dangerous and I dove in with abandon, rimming him until he screamed and squirmed and, at one point, fell forward slamming his head against the cargo door. He was wobbly, but he said he was okay as he sheathed me in a pink condom and resumed his submissive position in front of me. I fucked him hard, smelling his sweat mingled with the smells of whiskey, bread, cheese, chocolate and latex. When we finally came, we did so with a simultaneous jolt that toppled us sideways, flailing and laughing into a pan of white, sticky icing. He wiped a gob of icing off the side of his face and slid his finger slowly, sensually between my lips. He crawled forward on his hands and knees, pants still knotted around his ankles, and kissed me. I reached around to pull him closer to me and wondered how each of us would carry this experience forward into our separate lives.

Last year I was in Chicago for a conference and I skipped the afternoon sessions to go to the Art Institute. I wandered for a while, restless to find anything that would make me feel something. I wandered until I found myself staring up at Georges Seurat's A Sunday on La Grande Jatte. The painting hung large and low on the wall, the figures nearly life sized, the colors so vibrant and alive I felt momentarily disoriented. The images inside the thick, plain frame looked more real than the people around me. I looked down at the pale skin of my hand and then back up into the brilliance of the painting. I stepped closer, close enough to peer into the dense pattern of the brushstrokes, close enough to see the tiny dots and dashes that made up the grand and glorious whole. The tiny daubs of color, meaning nothing on their own, together formed this extraordinary moment in time, a moment that never existed in reality. I thought about the Young Turk of Pointillism, his pale fingers streaked with red paint, his faded blue jeans molded tight over muscles and his velvety brown eyes staring hungrily into mine. He longed to create something out of nothing, when everything surrounded him. "Art gives meaning to our experiences," he'd said. But I was pretty sure he'd gotten it wrong. Life gives meaning to itself, and life itself can be art.

I stood in front of the painting for hours, thinking and pacing and staring into the galaxies of dots and dashes and daubs. And I felt something overpowering, something real and revelatory as the moment imprinted itself indelibly on my soul.

Today, leaning against the fence in the sun, I am putting all the pieces together in my mind, thinking about the tiny flashes of memory that cluster together to give meaning to my life; thinking about how they seem to fill in the spaces between the big moments, lending color and order to the whole canvas. Right now the pieces are: sunlight; heat on my skin; the smell of pretzels; the heaviness of the humidity; constellations of color dancing behind my eyelids; car horns; a helicopter; the music on the lawn; the sounds of children playing soccer. I am standing here between moments, waiting for the next thing to happen.

And then it does.

"Beautiful day." His voice is low, with a soft Southern twang. I turn to face the sound, opening my eyes to the outline of his body, a black form between my eyes and the blinding light of the sun. He reaches out like the god of the sun, his hand tweaking my nipple. I glance down and see pale fingers and a smear of blue paint.

"Walk with me," he says.

"What about the Hat?" I ask.

"You're observant, Henry," he says grinning.

I raise an eyebrow.

"Forgotten already." He turns and walks away, glancing over his

shoulder with a pouty little grin that makes my cock twitch.

I follow him away from the main path into the overgrown smear of green ferns and shrubs. The canvas of green around us is pierced from above by long, slender shafts of light. Above the canopy the afternoon light is fading from insistent yellow to mellow orange. He half turns periodically, grinning and beckoning me deeper into the woods with dewy brown eyes and a flashing white smile.

I hear the sound of water, flowing through a ravine that girds the east side of the park.

We climb down a steep embankment, walking sideways, our feet sliding in the loose, gravelly earth, and finally leaping down to a small grassy clearing at the water's edge. The sides of the ravine rise above us on both sides checkerboarded by ferns and palmettos. Above us towering pines and oaks eclipse the summer sky. At our feet the stream, tumbling over loose rocks and tree roots, is glassy, striped with frothing, white ripples.

The Painter is standing in the center of the round grassy clearing watching me, like an emcee standing patiently in a cabaret spotlight. His eyes are so dark, I cannot distinguish pupil from iris. He reaches down and rubs his crotch and I realize his cock is already hard, standing out beneath the tight denim like a pistol. I think of the old Mae West joke and smile.

"That's it, baby," he says. "Come on over here and see what I've got for you."

We're both naked pretty quickly. Any resistance I might have had to getting completely naked melts away when he drops his own jeans and steps out of them. His body is lean and lanky, with long, interlocking arcs of muscle. His arms and legs are tanned and hard, dusted with fine dark hair that becomes denser and more unruly as it approaches his torso. His cock is familiar, but it looks longer and more imposing now that it is not collared by the fly of his jeans. It stands out from his crotch erect and eager, bouncing and dripping with precum.

The earth is springy beneath my feet and I realize for the first time that the grassy clearing is not grass at all, but a mass of green, spongy moss. I'm looking down at my pale feet, toes flexing in the moss, when the Painter's perfect tan feet step into view.

I feel his hand grasping my erection and then he's on his knees pulling me between his wet lips and down his throat. He works on my cock, taking it in impossibly deep and massaging the length of it with his insistent throat muscles. His eyes are closed and his breathing is labored; he's immersed in his work. I close my eyes and lean my head back, savoring the lightheadedness that accompanies the growing tension in my groin.

When he has dragged me to the edge, I try to gently pry him off me, but he holds fast, ignoring my "I'm coming" announcement and taking my cum down his throat. My knees weaken and he holds on to my hips, holding me inside him as I expel wave after wave of cum. And then he continues to hold me inside him and starts again, bringing me slowly, deliberately to a second, shivering orgasm. When he finally releases me, my hands are shaking and vertigo drives me to sit down. I drop onto my T-shirt and watch the Painter, still on his knees, jacking himself with his left hand, strong leisurely strokes.

I crawl toward him on my hands and knees, the sweat between my asscheeks cools in the gentle breeze. I reach out and touch his cock, letting the heat warm my fingers. I jack him for a few minutes, then dig a condom out of my pocket, sheathing him in emerald green, lubing him up and rolling over on my back in the moss. I pull my legs up like Tony did all those years ago, watching the Painter's greedy eyes and toothy grin as he positions himself, aims, and then slides himself inside me. He grabs the back of my thighs and pushes down, compressing me and tilting my ass toward him to give himself leverage. His pale, paint-streaked fingers are digging into my muscles as he rocks himself in and out of my ass.

He finds his stride easily, like a thoroughbred on the track, his flanks sweating, his face transforming as intentionality flees from the beast between his legs.

I stare up into the canopy beyond the Painter's head, my unblinking eyes mapping the constellations of sunlight in the sky of green leaves. He is grunting above me and sliding his cock deliberately along my prostate, listening to my groans, watching for signs of my own growing excitement. He's pushing and I can feel him shift into that uncontrolled cadence that marks the end of the race. His face is slick with sweat, his hard eyes staring down at me.

He bends down without breaking his stride and kisses me roughly, wetly on the lips. He pulls back and sees the surprise on my face. "Come on, baby," he says. "No distractions."

He shifts the angle and a bolt of pleasure shoots through me. My body is trembling; there is nothing in the universe but his cock reaming me like an overripe orange.

"Can you come three times, Doc ?" he asks me through gritted teeth.

"Oh, my god," I say. And I do come again.

A deep guttural sound escapes his throat, and he does too. He collapses on top of me. His heart is beating fast against my chest, the sweat on our bodies cooling and leaving goose pimples up and down our arms and legs. He pulls himself up on his arms, thick cords of muscle supporting him above me. I can feel his cock twitching against my thigh; he reaches down and pulls off the condom, tossing it aside. He looks down into my eyes and kisses me again, gently this time, like there is something else to be had here. And the kiss sparks something inside my body, nudging blood toward my exhausted, deflated cock, and making my cheeks flush.

"Something's happening," I say.

"Finally," he says.

THE ROBIN CLUB

David Holly

Saturday, April 25, 1942

Densely forested, the ten-acre thicket called Going Wood had grown without the taint of human industry. Alders, spruce and firs arose from the woods, and beneath their trunks crouched thick undergrowth. Raspberry and blackberry canes clutched at anyone attempting to enter, so few people did.

I reached Going Wood by way of an unpaved street. I pedaled my Schwinn Aerocycle past the creepy old Sizemore mansion and up the steep ridge. I stood to pedal, feeling the muscles in my thighs and buttocks contracting to push my bike to the top. A hot sexual urge rippled through my crotch as I fantasized that my thighs were becoming like the powerful thighs of the Boy Wonder. Robin's bare legs and tiny shorts always excited me, but this time I also had anticipation.

When I dismounted, I leaned my bike against the yellow-blossomed Scotch broom, carefully extracted the two comic books from my carrier and bent low under the vines. Invisible from the road stretched a narrow path, well worn, but navigable only on hands and knees. I crawled down the narrow tunnel through the growth until I reached the wooden shack in the center of Going Wood.

The shack was tin roofed, tight enough to keep out bugs and rodents, secure against the elements and floored with smooth planks. Over the door, red painted letters proclaimed THE ROBIN CLUB. Along the side came the warning: NO GIRLS ALLOWED.

"What's the password," a masculine voice demanded as I neared the door.

"Dick Grayson," I whispered.

"Boy Wonder," came the secret reply. I opened the door and stepped into the semidarkness where Calvin, Oliver, Maynard and Merrill were waiting. The boys were wearing only their white undershorts, which conformed to the Robin Club's dress code.

"Were they in yet, Archie?" Merrill asked.

Grinning, I displayed the latest issues of *Detective Comics* and *World's Finest*. "Buster's Newsstand had these two. The latest

Batman hasn't arrived yet." I handed the comics to Calvin while I slipped out of my shoes. I dropped my pants and tossed them into a corner, along with my socks and shirt. Like the rest of the boys, I was wearing the new jockey shorts from Cooper's Underwear Company of Kenosha, Wisconsin. Cooper's had revolutionized underwear fashion just eight years earlier when they introduced their jockey shorts.

Calvin passed *World's Finest to* Maynard. Merrill crowded close to Calvin, as shoulder to shoulder and cheek to cheek they studied *Detective Comics*. Maynard shared his *World's Finest* with Oliver. That arrangement was not intended to squeeze me out. I slipped in between Maynard and Calvin. We read both issues cover to cover before we settled on the pictures we liked best.

Our dicks swelled in our underwear as we read. I could feel the sexual heat of the two boys pressing against me. Maynard's firm ass was tight against my buttock, and Calvin's thigh was plastered to mine. I rubbed my throbbing dick through the soft white cotton. Looking across, Merrill's eyes followed the movement of my hand. His hand slipped into the waistband of his jockey shorts.

"I like this one best," Oliver proclaimed, pointing toward a drawing of the Boy Wonder crashing down on a criminal's back. Robin's strong thighs were wrapped around the hoodlum's neck, and his legless shorts looked more abbreviated than ever. His fleshy thighs swelled with muscles as he overpowered his victim.

"Nice," I said. My voice was husky. As I studied the comic panel, my cock grew even harder.

"Good choice," Calvin said. "Let's jerk off to that one."

"Merrill is already doing it," I said.

"Yeah, and what's your hand doing, Archie?" Merrill scoffed goodnaturedly.

"I'm like 'the laughing, fighting young daredevil who scoffs at danger like the legendary Robin Hood whose name and spirit he has adopted,'" I quoted, pulling off my underwear. My cock bobbed free. I ground my naked butt against Calvin's ass and spit into my hand.

My fist slid up and down my shaft, wringing my foreskin with every stroke. I rose onto one buttcheek and stroked my ass with my left hand while my right pounded my dick. Calvin rubbed his ass against my back as he beat his meat. He rose, pushed back his ass and wiggled against my arm. I felt his firm buttocks with the deep cleft in between.

Maynard kissed Calvin on the lips. Calvin continued rubbing his ass against me even as his tongue pressed into Maynard's mouth. Oliver jumped to his feet and rubbed his erection against the cleft of Maynard's ass, while Merrill approached me. I kept my eyes focused on the drawing of the Boy Wonder, which was spread on the floor, until Merrill stepped in front of me and blocked my view. His cock hovered directly before my face.

"Please, Archie," Merrill pleaded. "You know what I need." Merrill

knew where my talents lay—my friends all knew.

Merrill's cock was thick. Its head was circumcised, widening from the thick shaft into a broad lid, like the cap of a mushroom. Its bulk increased down its shaft, growing in mass at its base. Merrill's dick was neither as long as Oliver's nor as huge as Calvin's. But it was thick, and it was the prettiest, except for my cock, which was a beauty.

Pushing forward, I kissed Merrill's dickhead. I kissed the tip and kissed around it. I took it into my mouth and massaged the tip with my lips. I sucked his pecker deep into my mouth, and it was good. As his thick cock filled my mouth, I fucked him with my tongue. Yes, I received intense pleasure from that shaft of man-meat in my mouth, but a greater pleasure came from knowing that I was giving him pleasure. I bent all my will into forcing his ejaculation. And as I sucked Merrill, I closed my eyes and imagined that I was Robin, the Boy Wonder, blowing the dick of that almost legendary figure, the cowled shadow of the Batman.

Merrill began grinding his hips. Curious, I opened my eyes briefly and pulled my mouth off Merrill's dick. Oliver was pressed tight against Merrill's back and dry humping him while I sucked his dick—Oliver's hot hands were stroking Merrill's chest as he rubbed his cock against Merrill's buttocks.

I sucked Merrill's cock harder and faster. I made my lips a bruising machine that bumped and pounded his prickhead. Reaching around Merrill, I cupped Oliver's ass. Oliver's ass was quivering from the hot lances of ecstasy coursing through his groin. Oliver was shooting his semen into Merrill's asscrack and up his back, while I tortured Merrill's dick with pleasure. I could feel Merrill's dick vibrating, and I knew that he was going to shoot. His body was responding to the cum bath Oliver was giving him, and he could not hold out. I delighted in giving him no moment of peace. I ground his dick with my lips while it throbbed in my mouth and swelled harder.

Calvin had been rubbing his ass against me while I sucked Merrill, but as Merrill shuddered in orgasm, Calvin pulled away. I opened my eyes again and saw Calvin was standing, bent forward, and jutting his rump to receive Maynard's cock. Maynard slicked his dick with spittle and pushed it against Calvin's asshole.

Merrill's cock bucked hard in my mouth, and I tasted hot spunk. Merrill was coming enthusiastically. I swallowed the blasts that hit my throat, taking it down easily. I wished I could tell Merrill how yummy his dick tasted, but I was too busy drinking his jism. He moaned as he came, and he only quieted as his ejaculations ceased. I pulled my head back and rested with his dickhead softly caressing my lips.

He oozed but a single drop. I had virtually drained him. I thought about his semen in my stomach, and the picture gave me a warm feeling. I loved having something of my friend inside of me. "Thank

you, Batman," I said, which made Merrill laugh. Then we turned to watch as Maynard's dick slid deep into Calvin's rectum, pulled back to his asshole and drove home again.

"Oh, that's so good," Calvin was moaning. "I love your big cock. Fill my ass, Maynard. Shoot your cum into me."

"Why don't you fuck me that way, Archie?" Merrill suggested.

Before I could respond, Oliver pushed ahead of him. "Not this time, Merrill. I'm gonna suck Archie's dick, just like he sucked yours."

As Oliver dropped to his knees, I felt a euphoria that intensified when he kissed my dick. As a seductive weakness claimed me, my eyes drifted shut. Oliver's Boy Wonder mouth kneaded my cock's head, sending ripples through my entire body. "Oh, Oliver," I mouthed.

"I'm going to make you come, Archie," Oliver said withdrawing his mouth briefly from my cock. "I'm going to swallow your jism, and you'll be a part of me forever."

"I'm yours, Oliver," I whispered. "Oh, my cock is yours."

Oliver licked down my shaft and kissed my balls before he began toiling on my dickhead. He massaged the tip of my cock with lips that drove like the Batmobile, and when his tongue caressed my cock, I thought I'd die of the breathtaking thrill. I hovered on the periphery of rapture, unable to budge, hardly able to breathe, yet my cock was hard near to splitting and it leaked thin streams of precum into Oliver's mouth.

Oliver took my whole cock then, swallowing it into his throat. I nearly reeled as the sensation overwhelmed me. His throat was a tight, moist thing that encased my cock and drew me into the vortex of absolute orgasm.

"Uh," I moaned, unable to form coherent sentences. "Ah," I gasped, hardly drawing breath as billows of staggering pleasure swept through my loins. If I'd wanted to resist, I would've been powerless. My cock was tingling, and it got the heavy feeling that alerts me when I'm about to blast.

"Oh, ah," I whimpered as the orgasmic waves deepened, and a tidal wave of pleasure caught me. My eyes squeezed shut as the wild surges washed over me, and I drowned in a gushing undertow of consciousness. The potent muscles at the base of my penis contracted tighter than they had ever constricted during masturbation, and I savored the prodigious spurt of jism springing forth from my cockhole and chugging down Oliver's throat.

"Oh, that's so good," I moaned. "I'm coming so heavy." Waves of rapture rolled on and each arrived with an intense ejaculation of my life's spunk. I kept coming and coming, wet, sticky spurts issuing from my dick. The muscles below my penis contracted time after time with blasts of spunk that filled Oliver's mouth. I heard him gulping my semen down. I shot big squirts into his throat until my orgasm and contractions stilled.

After we had ejaculated, and some of us had cum in our stomachs and others in our rectums, we pulled on our jockey shorts again and reread the adventures of Batman and the Boy Wonder. Finally, Maynard spoke: "I wrote to my Uncle Bob." He was referring to Senator Robert Rice Reynolds.

"You heard back yet?" Calvin asked. Maynard had just thrown a soaking wet blanket over our joys and desires.

"No," he said. "Not yet."

"I've been thinking about the signal corps," Merrill added. "I know my way around a radio."

"Merrill's been teaching me about radio," Oliver informed us. "And I've been showing him everything I know about photography."

"Yeah," I said bitterly. A horrible pit of darkness and terror had opened before me. We were all eighteen, two months from our high school graduation, and the armed forces were conscripting indifferently. You had to be blind, crippled or crazy to get out of the draft, and the deferment wasn't all that certain for the crazy. Unlike my friends, I knew nothing about radios and little about photography, and I had no powerful relatives in Washington.

"We aren't exactly soldier material," Oliver said. "Do they draft homosexuals?"

A numbed silence fell; Oliver had employed the dreaded word, the soubriquet we never used. We were outsiders, considered strange by our classmates. We knew that we were homosexuals, but we never labeled ourselves with that fearsome appellation. The sound of the word homosexual conjured up images of persecution that we didn't want to confront. We called ourselves after the laughing Boy Wonder, who wore a slinky costume, and was deeply loved by Bruce Wayne. Our high school principal had once referred to us as "lone wolves," obviously intended as a euphemism for something unstated, when we got sent to the office for sneaking copies of World's Best Comics, which became World's Finest in the second issue, into class. That issue of World's Best featured a story in which Batman and Robin unmask a witch who turns out to be a man dressed in women's clothing. That impersonation, more than the comic itself, caused our history teacher to deliver us into the hands of the principal.

"Don't they put homosexuals in the stockade?"

"No, they stick us in front of the troops they want to protect."

"The army would use us for cannon fodder," I agreed at length. "Government-issue human sacrifices."

"At ease, boys," Merrill offered. "We haven't been conscripted yet. We'll find a way out of it."

We built the shack back in 1939, when the five of us were just turning sixteen. Then it had seemed important to keep the girls out, and truth to tell, we still felt that way. While our classmates were forming relationships, we had never developed any significant interest in the female of the species.

Of course, our club did not begin as it later became. Since we were outcasts among our peers, we gravitated together. We discovered Going Wood, constructed our clubhouse and used it as an escape from our classmates, parents, teachers and other bullies. We played with ham radio and photography, shot marbles, read pulps and studied newspapers. Even at a tender age, we were aware that the war in Europe could affect our lives. Our first stunning blow arrived on October 16, 1940, with the passage of the conscription bill. The implications of the United States' first peacetime conscription were not lost on us.

To avoid thinking about the horrible realities, we retreated into comic books. We had discovered Batman with the December 1939 copy of *Detective Comics* and managed to trade the gems of our marbles collection for the previous seven issues, going back to the introduction of Batman in the May issue. In our clubhouse, we had multiple copies of every Batman story printed in *Detective Comics*, *Batman, World's Finest Comics*, and the single issues of *World's Best Comics* and the 1940 *New York World's Fair Comics*.

Our friendship transformed with the publication of the April 1940 *Detective Comics*, which introduced Robin, the Boy Wonder. We read the comic together, and ended up jerking off as a group for the first time. We continued jerking off as we established our clubhouse dress code during the next year. Some time elapsed before we began jacking each other's dicks.

Shortly after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, we fully crossed the line. Actually, I made the initial discovery. We had been engaged in our customary circle jerk when Calvin suddenly rose to his feet. Maynard had been stroking Calvin's hard cock, and it was getting ready to blast. I left off playing with Oliver's dick when Calvin abruptly turned so that his jutting erection approached so close that my eyes crossed.

Calvin's thick cock was leaking a thin stream of fluid. I was on my knees before I knew it. Calvin's cock jutted before me. Without thought, I kissed it. The leaking cum wet my lips. I touched my tongue to the dripping hole in Calvin's dick and shuddered with delight. His semen was delicious. It dribbled down my chin as I kissed the head of his cock. The head passed over my lips, entered my mouth and poured its juices onto my tongue. My own cock was fully hard, stiff even to bursting.

Meanwhile, Oliver, Maynard and Merrill had circled behind me and were rubbing their own cocks over my shoulders. As they masturbated, they decorated me with their jism. Far from humiliating me, the wet cum dripping onto my skin made me feel incredibly sexy. My cock leaked my fluid as the spunk ran in rivulets down my chest and my back. A warm, wet stream slowly meandered into the crack of my ass, leaving a sticky trail until it dripped from my tight balls. My arousal lent impetus to my taste for Calvin's cock. I worried it with my lips and tongue until the thick fullness in my mouth grew into the most wonderful experience of my life. I grabbed my cock, wet with my own precum and the dribbling spunk, and began jacking off as I received my first cock deeper into my mouth.

I had no fear that I would choke. I knew that I could take it into my throat. Calvin's leaking stream had been running a steady rivulet down my gullet, so the path was slicked for deep passage. Suddenly, I was deep-throating his cock. While I sucked, I masturbated faster. I had never felt so proud of myself, pleased with my natural talent to make a cock come in my mouth, smug that my mouth would please. For his part, Calvin shuddered and a tremendous burst of semen slid down my throat. More and more followed down into my stomach. I swallowed until he was drained.

Meanwhile, I was receiving a shower of cum. Oliver and Merrill had been jerking off along with me, for they started decorating me with thick squirts. Cum splashed over my neck and into my hair while more warm spunk ran down my back. I felt big splats hitting my ass, a virtual river of semen running down my crack. The cum was luxurious, a gay jubilance that clung to my skin. The warm goop made me feel special somehow, and I loved having it on me and in me at the same time. The upturn of my lips was embellished with Calvin's sticky flow; my chum's cock had put a smile on my face: a big, wet, cum-mouth smile, and I wanted to drown in a sea of spunk.

I was still jerking off. My friends' cum made a great lubricant that stimulated my cock all the way to the center. My balls were dripping heavier as more goop washed over me; Oliver was shooting directly onto my asshole. My cock grew heavier. I squeezed it with all the strength of my hand and jacked it hard until I passed the point of no return. Tremendous tingles rippled through the head of my dick as I thumbed it just there.

"Blow me, too," Maynard begged. For an answer, I grinned lewdly at him.

Maynard's dick slipped into my mouth as my orgasm increased, and I tortured it with my lips and tongue as the spasms rushed up my cock. My orgasm was so intense that I could hardly touch my own dick, yet contradictorily, I could not refrain from abusing my dickhead with my thumb. I was seized with a contraction that spurted my cum onto Maynard's legs. I kept sucking wildly as the contractions continued. The intense ripples of pleasure did not quickly diminish, but lasted longer than any orgasm I ever had. My muscles contracted and I shot hard salvos of spunk, even as Maynard unloaded onto my face. His cum covered my face, and I was nearly blinded, but the next squirt spurted into my mouth. I

sucked on his dickhead as Maynard exploded pungent juices down my throat. I swallowed and swallowed, hardly able to keep ahead of the mouthfuls I was receiving. Meanwhile, I shuddered in the throes of orgasm and unloaded my own balls.

Exhausted, I fell onto my ass on the hardwood floor of our clubhouse. I was drenched with cum and full of cum. I smirked at my friends. I had never been drunk, but I imagined that the sensation of drunkenness was akin to the euphoria I was feeling. What is more, my friends recognized that I was in a state of intoxication.

"I've gotta try that," Oliver proclaimed. "I want to suck a dick too."

"Oh, I'm drained," Maynard moaned.

"We all want to try it," Merrill said. "We just gotta recover a bit."

"Does that make us sex deviates?" Calvin asked.

Maynard pointed to the open comic book on the floor. "It makes us Boy Wonders. We're the Robin Club."

Friday Evening, May 8, 1942

Raptures exploding in my groin, I dangle on a thin rope while Batman humps my Robin ass. Hurtling from the tip of a towering skyscraper, we swing over Gotham City. Batman's legs grip my bare ones. The Dark Knight tweaks my nipples and pounds my ass. Landing on the sidewalk at last, I slump over a fire hydrant. As I sprawl, upended, Batman's cock dives again into my ass, bursting into gallons of hot spunk as it enters. His orgasm triggers my own, and wet jets of semen fly from my cock.

"What are you daydreaming about, Archie?" Merrill asked, entering our clubhouse.

I didn't answer. I pulled Merrill's shirt over his head before he knew what was happening. I slid my hands down his body, gliding over his chest and tweaking his nipples. As I stroked him, his cock twitched eagerly within his jeans. I unhooked his belt, unfastened his pants and pulled down his zipper. His cock tented the front of his jockey shorts, but despite my strange daydream, my fascination took a different turn. My hands explored his tight rounded buns; Merrill mewed like a kitten when my fingers found his crack.

I stripped off the rest of his clothes. His dick and grapefruit buttocks popped into view. I caressed his hard, bare buns, dipped my finger into a jar of Vaseline and slid my finger into his ass. Merrill moaned loudly, so I pushed my finger in deeper and twisted.

"Oh, yeah," Merrill groaned. "Fuck my ass." Merrill's emphasis on the word *fuck* excited me.

"I'm going to fuck you until you can't walk straight," I promised,

massaging his prostate. I pulled out my single finger and inserted two. His little hole was opening nicely to my touch. I twisted my fingers, pressed his prostate and dilated his hole until he was begging for my cock.

"Oh, yeah, stick it in me," Merrill wailed. "Fuck me. Ream me. Take me like a bitch."

Oliver entered just as I positioned the head of my cock against Merrill's asshole. "Why aren't you guys demanding the password tonight?" Oliver complained. He stopped talking when he saw what I was doing to Merrill.

My dick was so hard that I thought it would split. I couldn't waste time conversing with Oliver, so I slid my cock into Merrill's crack. Oliver stood stock-still, unable even to undress to his jockey shorts as our club's rules required.

Merrill must have been grinning lewdly at Oliver because Oliver suddenly laughed. Once his surprise was over, Oliver started to pull off his clothes. I pressed my cockhead into Merrill's slick hole. He sighed deeply as he felt my cock. He knew that he was about to get it, and he was ready.

"Stick it in, Archie," Merrill urged. "Stick your butt-fucking cock up my deviant ass."

"Don't call yourself a deviant," Oliver urged. "The five of us are not deviants, in spite of what the army psychiatrists say."

At those words, Merrill's asshole opened easily. He didn't resist for a second. "Oh," he moaned. "Oh—oh."

"Does it hurt?"

"It's nice. Push it in, Archie. I want it."

Calvin arrived then. Oliver was so absorbed in watching me penetrate Merrill that he forgot to demand the password.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" Calvin demanded. Then he too stopped cold.

Gripping Merrill's shoulders, I pushed my cock into his ass and didn't stop until there wasn't any more to push in. Merrill was sweating, but whether from pain, or fear, or joy, I couldn't tell.

"Oh, Archie, I'm so full. I'm full of cock. Oh, you big ass-fucker, you've got your whole cock up my ass. Oh, yes. Yes. Fuck me. Fuck my ass."

I tried to stop Merrill's mouth as I pulled my cock back and slid it in again. I started humping Merrill's tight hole. His ass fit close around my cock, and I was surprised at how grainy it was. It rubbed my dick with coarse friction. I had never felt anything like Merrill's fuckhole. Beating off was never so good.

"Oh, Archie. Oh, Archie," Merrill groaned loudly. "That's so good. Yeah. Fuck me hard, Archie. Treat me like a dog. Ream me like a mutt."

My heart thundering, I slammed my dick home, harder and harder, as Merrill begged for more.

Calvin was staring gape-mouthed. That ended when Oliver fed his

dickhead into Calvin's mouth.

"Suck on this, Calvin." Oliver ordered. "Suck me off."

Calvin's head started bobbing up and down on Oliver's cock while I humped Merrill hard and fast. Merrill squeezed my cock with his asshole. I couldn't believe that he could pinch down so hard. He was bringing me off fast, and I couldn't slow down. I wanted to make it last, but I had to ejaculate.

"Ah, Merrill. I'm gonna come in your ass," I whispered hoarsely. "Oh, Merrill, I'm gonna shoot you full of spunk. Uh. Uh. This is it, Merrill."

Waves of pleasure vibrated up my dick. The overwhelming thrills filled my midsection as the powerful orgasm carried me on its swells. I felt the first muscular contraction as I shot a big wet spurt into Merrill's rectum. I shot burst after burst of hot cum into his bowels.

Merrill never stopped milking me off while I shot. He pinched my dick with his asshole until I thought that he'd wring my cock off. I let him milk me dry. When I pulled my dick out of his ass, we collapsed onto the floor and watched as Oliver howled with pleasure as he shot his own semen down Calvin's eager throat.

That's when Maynard burst through the door, gripping a letter in his hand. "Calvin, we're in," he shouted. "My uncle fixed it. You and I will be exempt from the draft. We're going to be planning battles instead of fighting them. We're joining the War Department."

Tuesday Morning, June 9, 1942

"We're high school graduates," Calvin said. "We can conjugate Latin verbs. Work problems in trigonometry. Recite *Beowulf* in Anglo-Saxon."

"What about the draft?" Calvin asked. "Maynard and I are safe, but what about you boys?"

"Oliver and I have enlisted in the army," Merrill proclaimed. "They liked our radio knowledge and put us into the signal corps. That's not dangerous. We'll be radio operators and maybe do some photography."

"How about you, Archie?"

"I'd like to suck a big cock," I said. Calvin, Oliver, Merrill, and Maynard exchanged glances, their faces furrowed with worry for me. I alone was facing conscription.

"Sure, Archie," Maynard said. "We'll all suck."

We pulled off our jockey shorts and lay in a circle. I grabbed Calvin's cock and licked the head.

"Blow me like a good boy," Calvin murmured before his lips closed around Oliver's dick. I felt Merrill's mouth on my dick. He mouthed the head of my cock, worrying my glans until I was hovering on the verge of ejaculation.

I kissed Calvin's big cock, tickling the head with my tongue and licking down the sides of the tall shaft. I kissed and tongued the dickhead until I had him quivering. I licked him close to orgasm without taking him over the edge.

When I knew I had Calvin ready to do anything for release, I made my mouth a hot wet cave for his cock. I sucked his cockhead, attacking the rim furiously with my lips, letting it swell my cheek and occasionally fill my throat.

So great was our need that our group blow job lasted fewer than five minutes. I could feel Calvin's muscles contracting as the waves of orgasm rolled over him, followed by uncontrollable spasms. At the same time, the powerful muscles at the base of my cock contracted and sent a spurt of cum into Merrill's mouth. Calvin's wild contractions blasted big squirts that filled my mouth, and I had to gulp them down or lose them. He was coming so heavily that some jism was running freely down my chin though I swallowed as fast as I could.

My cock continued to squirt. I was filling Merrill's mouth as much as Calvin was unloading in mine. At length, we stopped erupting, but we did not pull apart until everyone's dick had calmed. We gently skimmed our friends' cocks clean with our lips before we pulled our faces away and, drained and filled, we sprawled naked on the floor.

A warm, good feeling washed over me. I saw that the other guys were looking at me expectantly. "Hey, Boy Wonder," Calvin finally said. "You have cum on your face."

I grinned, not attempting to wipe my face before spilling my big secret: "I enlisted in the navy," I admitted. "I leave in two days."

Wednesday Night, October 31, 1945-Halloween

The tires were gone from my old Schwinn Aerocycle; doubtless, the rubber had been recycled into the war effort. I walked up the ridge, limping only slightly, not nearly as badly as I had hobbled across the deck of the carrier to meet General Douglas MacArthur.

As I gimped up the road, I saw costumed children running door-to-door shouting "Trick or treat." As had my friends and I, the kids fearfully scurried past the sinister Sizemore mansion. I felt hideously old, though I was not quite twenty-two. I reached Going Wood and found the path. The way in was wilder than I remembered, but I found the clubhouse. It was undisturbed, exactly as I remembered it. I called out, but I was the first arrival.

The inside of the cabin had been swept at intervals. The walls

were the same except for the addition of *that picture* clipped from *Life* Magazine. I winced to see it. My leg hurt worse just from the thought of what I'd done. Turning my mind from the *Life* photo article, I began examining our comics collection. They were all there, just as they had been, every Batman story. What is more, someone had kept the collection up to date. Every issue was there up to the most recent ones.

Then I heard footsteps outside our clubhouse. "What's the password?" I called.

"Dick Grayson," Maynard whispered. I recognized his voice, though it had matured. It had a more sophisticated, man-of-theworld tone.

"Boy Wonder," I responded, and Maynard entered. Calvin, Oliver and Merrill followed hard on his heels.

"The conquering hero," Calvin said, pointing at me. "Uh, but there's a problem."

"Huh?" I said.

"You're violating the rules." He pointed toward my pants.

"Are we still kids?" I asked, but I sat down in a chair and started removing my shoes and socks. The other guys were stripping to their underwear as well. I unfastened my pants and let them drop as I rose. Then I pulled them over my feet.

Surreptitious glances took in the scars on my leg where the bone had ripped through the skin and the ugly patches where the burning gasoline had splattered me.

"It's been a long time," Merrill said.

"Not that long," Calvin corrected. "Let's go all out, boys." He patted Maynard's ass.

"Uh, Calvin, I like it when you do that," Maynard purred. "Do you want to shaft me?"

"Yeah," Calvin surrendered. "How about I give it to you while Archie fucks me?"

"Sure," I said, eager to change the subject from my war experiences. "We'll play choo-choo."

We dropped to our knees. Without my asking, Merrill assisted me down on my bum leg. Maynard squirmed to the front of our train and stuck out his butt doggie-style. After dipping into the Vaseline, Calvin mounted Maynard, pushed in his dick partway, and projected his rear for me. As I received the jar of petroleum jelly, my cock bumped Calvin's butt. Merrill positioned himself directly behind me. I passed back the jar.

"I gotta be the caboose?" Oliver griped, but his dick arced into Merrill's crack.

"Push, Archie," Calvin urged. "Push your cock into my ass."

I drove my hips forward. My leg stopped hurting as my cock slid into Calvin's rectum. His asshole opened easily. I lurched forward until I had driven my cock to the hilt in Calvin's ass. My loins pressed against his round buttocks. Calvin sucked in a long breath

as I filled him. He released the air with a satisfied sigh. "Oh, Archie, your big cock is in me."

Merrill's cock was opening my asshole. When I pushed my hips back, I felt a tremendous pressure in my ass. I humped forward into Calvin and then humped back to impale my asshole on Merrill's cock. I felt the familiar fullness and the delicious sensation in my asshole.

"Does this hurt your leg, Archie?" Merrill asked.

"No," I said. "Do me like Batman screws the Boy Wonder." Merrill's cockhead hit my prostate and sent shivers of pleasure through me. He pulled back, impaling himself on Oliver's dick. Then he rocked forward, humping me just as my ass was getting into a regular rhythm of fucking Calvin. I rocked back to thrust again. Merrill's cock bored deep until his loins slammed against my asscheeks. As we developed a rhythm, the sensation became wildly rewarding.

Merrill pulled back, paused for an eternity of sexual shock, and plunged forward. The stroke sunk deep. My dick throbbed with an ecstasy of tingles. I thought it would burst in Calvin's ass as I reared back to meet Merrill's lunges. We plunged faster back and forth, and I tightened my asshole around Merrill's cock to milk him off, even as Calvin's asshole gripped my tormented dick.

"Oh, Merrill," I moaned. Merrill's dick was massaging my prostate at the same time Calvin's asshole was stroking my dick.

My cock stiffened even harder in Calvin's asshole. As Merrill's bucking dick fucked my ass, ripples of intense pleasure coursed through me. I worked Merrill's dick with my derrière. Oliver fucked Merrill's ass as unrelentingly as Merrill fucked me.

"That's so good," Oliver chanted, his voice rising to a roar. "My cock is sizzling."

"Oh, Archie, I love banging your buttcheeks," Merrill gasped.

Calvin's big cock was pulling in and out of Maynard's pleasure hole, each thrust sending shivers of ecstasy up his ass. Maynard howled with rising tones of rapture. "Ah, it's getting good, Calvin. It's getting really good."

"Yeah, Oliver," Merrill shouted. "Come in my ass."

My dick was tingling and bucking, heavy with rising semen. "I'm gonna blow spunk into you, Calvin."

Oliver bellowed mindlessly. "Oh, it's so good, Merrill. Your ass is making me come. I'm going to shoot wads."

"Shoot me full, Oliver," Merrill kept yelling, banging me harder as he received his load.

I squeezed Merrill's cock as hard as I could. I worked him with my asshole until he was screaming and thrusting like a maniac. An agony of pleasure rippled through my cock's head, made more delicious by the pounding fullness in my ass.

"Don't slow down, boys" I shouted, not knowing to whom I spoke. "This is it. I'm going to squirt."

"Ah!" Calvin shrieked. "Oh, I'm coming so heavy!"

My cock started erupting, and bursts of jism spurted. "Oh, yeah, Calvin. That's good," I wailed as the ultimate drops oozed from my tortured cock.

We collapsed in a heap, gasping. Our hearts thundered as we undulated over slippery bodies, washing each other carefully with soap and water. However, we did not play long for we had unfinished business. The night would not be complete until Maynard had fucked Oliver's ass.

Oliver stretched out on his back and pulled up his legs, his asshole open for our inspection.

"Pass the Vaseline, Calvin," Maynard urged. He applied the petroleum jelly to Oliver's hole and carefully pushed it in. Oliver grunted with pleasure.

We watched with glee as Maynard crawled aboard Oliver's body and positioned his cockhead against Oliver's ready asshole. Oliver panted as Maynard entered him.

Watching Oliver get bat-fucked in the ass was fun. As I sat with a sorely milked dick and an asshole stretched from the pounding I'd taken, I watched Maynard's big bottom hammering his cock in Oliver's horny hole. I rubbed my sore cock. I was temporarily out of semen, but I still jacked my cock as I watched my friends fucking.

Maynard fucked Oliver madly. The rest of us smiled at Maynard's pumping buttocks and rubbed our tingling cocks. As his butt rose and thrust, Maynard's face was a mask of happy agony as his dick went off in Oliver's ass.

"Ah, I'm coming, Oliver," Maynard yelled. "I'm spouting in your ass, Boy Wonder."

Without warning, I erupted into orgasm. Since I had nothing left to shoot, the spasms came hard and dry, but they were no less pleasing.

"Archie got off again," Calvin shouted. "Archie is the Boy Wonder of the night."

* * *

Later we ate sandwiches and drank soda pop. Calvin and Maynard had trick-or-treated some candy, so we ate that too while the fellows talked about their war experiences.

"Oliver and I spent the war in Detroit," Merrill said. "What we did was important. We were running the North American Net. We were the heart of the Signal Corps."

"What Calvin and I did was important too," Maynard said. He wasn't trying to boast. The shadow of that horrible photo article in *Life* virtually hung over the room. "Maybe we never got out of Washington, but we had lunch with Roosevelt. We transmitted orders to Eisenhower."

"I didn't do anything of great importance," I said. "I was pretty safe on the ship. Warm food and dry clothes. Not like the guys slogging through the jungle with bullets ripping chunks out of them. Or the guys in France and Germany with frostbitten feet."

"Yeah, you had it made, Archie," Oliver said. Then his voice turned somber. "Until November 5, 1944." He pointed toward the article from *Life*. "We read about it. We were proud of you, Archie."

"What battles were you in?" Calvin asked.

"Please, guys," I pleaded. "I don't want to talk about it."

"We're your best friends. More than that. Think about what we just did. You have my cum in your ass."

"I had Bill Jefferson's semen in my ass when I pulled him out of the fire," I admitted.

"You saw a lot of action?"

"Oh, yeah. All those lonely, sex-starved boys on the *Lexington II*. We had a shipboard suck and fuck fest."

"There was the Battle of the Philippine Sea," Calvin said. "You were in that?"

"Yeah. I was in that one. Also the Battle of the Sea of Sibuyan and the Battle of Cape Engano when we sunk the *Chitose*, *Zuikaku* and *Zuiho*."

"But it was in the Philippines where the kamikaze got you. You pulled three men out of the fire. You ran through burning aviation fuel on a broken leg."

"General MacArthur pinned a medal on me for that," I said. "I was only rescuing guys I'd fucked. And sucked. I must've been nuts."

"Yeah, you're crazy," Calvin said. He pushed his face close to mine and kissed my lips as if he meant it. And his lips told me that he did mean it. Then Maynard kissed me. And Oliver. And finally Merrill. As our lips pressed, I knew that we were still outsiders; deviants, perhaps. But we were comrades for life—just like Batman, and Robin, the gay Boy Wonder.

BRYCE CANYON

Eric K. Anderson

It feels dangerous and forbidden. My heart thumps hard in my chest, slamming against my rib cage. I'm on my knees beneath him, his hand on the back of my head, pushing me closer and closer. I resist, but he is confident and assertive. The adrenaline rush makes me feel light-headed. My knees grate against the cold, dirty concrete floor of the warehouse. At any moment, a supervisor could wander in though we are in the thick of the early morning hours, the lonely night-shift slog that has such a high turnover of guys quitting unexpectedly. "Yeah, get in there," he demands, knowing what I want better than I know it myself; intuitively sensing my desire and using me to satiate his needs. His large muscular brown ass is in front of my face, cheeks spread to reveal the pink slit of an opening. His head is turned back staring down at me with intense, deepest brown eyes. This encounter wasn't expected. This wasn't the sanitary, decent sex I was used to. This wasn't my boyfriend.

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Darnel was a law student, a nice guy, everyone's friend and the kind of man my mother would like me to settle down with. We'd met at one of the city's two gay bars. I went there one evening though I had already had a few disappointing visits since moving to this city. There'd be friendly chats, playing pool and then the inevitable invitation for sex from guys who were curious what it'd be like to do it with a black man. This ticked me off. Most of the white guys in this city saw me as a conquest, an exotic object. But this was why I moved to Portland, Maine. I wanted to confront this vision of myself: an anonymous black man refracted through the vision of white eyes. I was determined to shrug off this condition and believe in myself as

an individual making his own destiny.

That evening was the same atmosphere as always: dim lights, pool table and a dozen faces you'd never want to wake up next to. But then I noticed a man at the bar. He looked young, maybe in his early slim. athletic without being overly muscular and, surprisingly, black. I could count on my fingers the amount of brothers I'd seen in this city since arriving and never had I seen another black gay guy. I was caught off guard. The Ramones were playing on the jukebox and people were chugging their beer while chatting animatedly. The black guy looked like he was in a deep conversation with a white guy of similar age. I hung around the bar drinking a glass of rum and Coke. Then I had two more. I sensed people moving around me both frightened and intrigued by my presence. My pulse was racing as the alcohol blunted my senses, making everything feel easier and freer. I stared ahead at the bottles on the wall as if I was waiting for someone to come join me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see this black guy glancing over at me, but I didn't acknowledge him. I'm not the type to make the first move.

A hefty bearded guy in a plaid shirt sidled up next to me and tried to chat me up. I concentrated on the way the colored lights shimmered in the mirror behind the bar and steadily sipped my rum. The guy nudged me and entreated me not to be so unfriendly. I shrugged him off and instead of hurling some racial insult at me like I expected, he wished me a good night. Maybe he expected that I'd go out back with him and suck his little stump of a dick while staring up at his big hairy belly. No way! Just the thought made me laugh and I nearly crashed into a table crowded with old guys sipping gin as I stumbled my way toward the door. That rum had made my legs more wobbly than I expected.

"Hey, you all right there?"

The black dude was at my side. He took my arm and held me steady. Even in my boozy state I could tell people were eyeing us warily, curious to see what would happen. He introduced himself as Darnel and asked if I needed a ride. I accepted and leaned on him a little more heavily than I actually needed to just to feel the warm dark skin of another brother against me. I liked his broad smile and his small ears and the way his face was so carefully clean shaven. My cock half rose in my pants already, anticipating the sex we might have. But, to my surprise, when Darnel offered a ride home, he really meant a ride home.

I was living in a shitty little apartment on Munjoy Hill with two other guys I barely knew. Darnel and I got to know each other as we drove up Congress Street. He was an ambitious law student, came from a moderately wealthy family who owned a Georgian construction business, and had an apprenticeship with a major judge. As smooth as silk, he laid out his future plans to become a criminal lawyer, buy a nice house in the affluent Cape Elizabeth area

and settle down with a good man. This mentality was totally alien to me. Much to my parents' disappointment, I had dropped out of Boston College and moved to Maine out of the blue. No plans. I was striking out on my own to declare my independence and be my own man. I initially got a job at a fast-food joint, but had since moved up to working as personal assistant to the president of an aircraft refinishing company. There was no clear outlook on my future. I was just feeling things out.

When we got to my building, I expected Darnel to get out with me so we could meander up to my bedroom and have messy sex while my roommates gnashed their teeth playing video games next door. Instead, he took my hand and said he'd very much like to see me again. His hand was smooth and creamy brown with a light warm touch that made me instantly feel at ease with him. This was like the good boy my mother always urged me to look out for, not the dirty rebellious gays she worried about. "Stay away from those types," she warned. "They're nasty." After I came out to her, it took several months for her to get over my gayness and switch back to the noseymother role of wanting me to associate only with the "right" kind of people. Darnel was a real Theo Huxtable type, it appeared, who could give me security and stability.

Over the next three months we saw each other almost every day. He was engaging, witty and grounded. I felt at ease with him in a way I didn't with most guys I'd met since being here. This was because I was always conscious of the careful way white guys talked around me. Except for a few cool friends, acquaintances were nervous about saying something that'd offend me or come out wrong. With Darnel it was easy. We took long walks around Fort Williams and made out in the crumbling concrete WWII structures. But we hadn't yet had sex. Only a few quick gropes, where I felt something sizable throbbing down there. I imagined he had a large cock, which would fit snugly into my tight ass. Darnel insisted that we take things slow, really get to know each other. He had been burned too often by guys looking for guick sex.

Then one evening, after we had dinner at a little Italian place in the Old Port, Darnel told me he was finally ready. My cock grew hard there and then. I kissed him deep and hard on the street, not caring what the people around us thought. I could barely wait until we got back to his place. He lived in a hotel right in the center of the city. Like many university students, he had an arrangement to board there during term time. The room was always kept immaculately clean with nothing but a few photographs of lilies on the walls. He put on some Prince, and we quickly fell on the sofa, grappling and kissing each other hungrily. Our tongues slid against each other while we fumbled to get each other's clothes off. I could feel the strong monster in his pants pushing against my leg. We stripped each other down until we were fully naked and sliding

against each other like excited eels. When his large cock sprang into view I could feel my asshole twitch expectantly. I fell forward wanting to lick his body from top to bottom, inhaling his manly natural scent mixed with CK cologne. He laughed at how hungry and eager I was.

Okay, confession time. One of my deepest desires is to rim a guy. It's something I developed an urge for after looking at a number of porn websites on my ancient computer with its maddeningly slow dial-up connection. I want to get my tongue right in there while he stands authoritatively above me. But I've never been brave enough to do it because it feels like a step too far and afterward I'd be one of those dirty gay guys my mother fears. That's why, more than anything, I wanted someone to push my face in his ass and make me eat his hole out. As my face slid over Darnel's body, licking down the trail of hair around his navel to the hefty hard cock with a neatly trimmed circle of pubes, I wondered if I'd dare to go that bit further and stick my tongue up his ass. I spent some time licking up and down the length of his shaft and filling my mouth with his dark, tight nut sac. He leaned back on the sofa and moaned softly, stroking my closely cropped hair.

I imagined him pushing me down to nose into that dark musky area between his legs and rout out his hole with the persistent flickering of my tongue. But suddenly, he wrenched my head up and cautioned me, "Whoa boy." I sat back against the sofa, disappointed but eager to feel his mouth close itself over my cock in return for my sucking him. He stroked his cock while staring me up and down. "Man, you're so beautiful," he said over and over. I waited for him to go down on me, but he made no move. I tried to grapple with him again, but all he wanted was to continue with mutual strokes. Within a couple of minutes we'd both cum onto our stomachs, to the sound of "Diamonds and Pearls" in the background. I wanted to hug him, to press my body against his, trapping the mess between us, sticking his naked body to mine with the glue of our sex. But he immediately got up and pulled out several tissues to wipe us with, then kissed me and said he was going to take a shower.

I quickly learned that Darnel was only into the most vanilla kind of sex. He liked mutual masturbation, loved getting a blow job, but was grossed out by the idea of giving one himself. It turned him off if we got too sweaty. He'd need to stop and take a shower by himself in the middle of having sex if that happened. He refused to fuck me, as anything to do with asses was out of bounds. So eating his hole definitely wasn't on the menu. Sometimes when I went down on him I'd slide my hand up to feel the soft, smooth curve of his rump and inch my way to that sacred spot between his cheeks. He'd push my hand away and thrust his dick farther into the back of my throat before pulling out and jerking himself off.

Despite our lackluster sex life, Darnel charmed me totally. I spent most of my time at his place watching movies or going out to eat. He

was cultured and vibrant, excitedly talking about the latest Woody Allen film or some politician's memoir. More importantly, he had a life plan and this stability was attractive, given that I had purposely made my own future so precarious and uncertain. A part of me was panicking and looking for someone who knew the world and could help me navigate it. Darnel had traveled widely and wanted to take me with him on his future journeys. It felt like wherever we went, he'd know what to do. As he was growing up, his family had taken him on trips all over the world. He knew the best places to eat in Los Angeles and how to barter for a cheaper gondola ride in Venice.

He planned a trip for us to Bryce Canyon once his semester ended. He said the rock formations there were a wonder to behold, far more impressive than the sprawling unfathomable cavity of the Grand Canyon. Pictures of the place showed a golden and red-lit, moon-like surface, enormous craggy mountainsides with trails threaded throughout. He hugged me close in bed and said he wanted to take me there. I pressed myself against his solid body and stared at the dark nubs of his nipples, suddenly wanting to lick and suck them. But he held me back. My prick was rising, but Darnel said he had to get to sleep so he could get up for work early.

This was happening more and more often recently.

As we lay together in the darkness with my hard cock tenting the thick blankets that covered us, I thought about the future. Sure, Darnel could take care of me and guide me. But what about that edge to life that I craved? I didn't want calm, routine sex interspersed with dinner parties and trips to the opera. Darnel had already arranged an interview for me for a paralegal job at a lawyer friend's firm. I imagined my future with him as an endless stream of cocktail parties filled with guys in stiff suits making banal conversation. My mind was buzzing with erotic fantasies as I nursed my hard dick, while he lay asleep beside me. My ass was aching to be filled. I fell asleep feeling hot and extremely horny.

I can never remember my dreams, but I awoke early the next morning with sensations of furtive, sweaty, ecstatic pleasure resonating through my body. Whatever fantasies I unwillingly submitted to in my nocturnal journeys had resulted in a sticky patch at the front of my boxers and the sheet around my crotch. The sun had only recently risen outside Darnel's half-shuttered window. There was still a half hour before his alarm was due to go off and he slept in a heavy lump beside me. I knew he'd be disgusted by the mess. Instead of facing him, I carefully dressed and left quietly so he wouldn't wake up.

Back at my apartment, I still fully intended to meet up with him that evening to discuss our uneven relationship. But later, when he called me to arrange getting together I didn't answer the phone or return his call. I didn't speak to him the next day, either. Or the next. I felt the pernicious urge that had nipped at me so relentlessly when I started college in Boston. Rationally, I knew I should settle down

with Darnel, go to that job interview and think about the future. But my body wanted rough contact and a man who found the filthy pleasures sweated out in a raunchy sex session arousing. My instincts told me to escape.

I didn't make it to the interview for the paralegal position. I didn't even return to my job as a personal assistant. Instead, I hunkered down in my bedroom, shutting the door tight against my moody roommates, and searched online for free dirty videos to jerk off to. I got off to everything from pervy older doctors examining college jocks to raunchy backroom S/M sex. The only trouble was that it was difficult to find much porn of sexy black guys screwing around with each other. Most gay porn was filled with white guys. Only occasionally was a black dude thrown into the mix for exotic flavoring. The few porn videos that did feature a sexy all-black cast inevitably drew on the most obvious stereotypes: ghetto boys, badass criminals and basketball players. I realized after days of studious jerking off that what I really wanted was a black man who wasn't some stereotype, but was a real man. But not a man like Darnel, either, who seemed destined to become a mainstream stereotype himself. It didn't escape my attention how ridiculous it was hoping to find a sexy black man to fuck while living in white-ass backwoods Maine.

My bank account was quickly draining away to nothing. I wanted to move out west, maybe Los Angeles. But first I needed to save up enough to get started out there. I scanned the papers for a job that paid well, but required few qualifications. A warehouse in the industrial area of the city was hiring night-shift workers to shelve goods and transfer them into trucks ready for pickup. I was hired immediately. Somehow I had the strange notion that I could spend all day searching out music on the Internet and jerking off to porn while earning money at night. Sleep seemed insignificant. So when I arrived for work I was drowsy after only an hour of heavy lifting.

That first night was close to torture. I didn't work out except for occasional push-up sessions in the morning. The crates and containers I was required to shift around in that cavernous, dark warehouse were easy to lift at first. But somewhere between the first hour and the second, the muscles in my arms started to burn and the back of my throat was constricted with dust. I was sweating, grew dizzy and nearly passed out. It took a few weeks for my both my biceps and my sleep patterns to adjust to my new nocturnal existence.

The guys I worked with were gruff, hard-bodied and transient. No one except me worked there longer than a month. The warehouse was always short staffed, so we workers were spurred on to perform more—but this only increased the turnover rate. This was to my advantage, as I was often paid double time for working overtime. We smoked wordlessly in a group during our breaks and drank a few beers before heading home at six in the morning. I was often horny,

tackling the repetitive, labor-intensive tasks in a daze while filthy fantasies drifted through my mind; sometimes I jerked off behind huge crates filled with imported goods. Two months went by and I was near-crazed for sex. I had dialed Darnel's number a dozen times, but always hung up before it rang. I knew that was a dead end

One night a new guy started. This was no big event in itself. The manager asked me to show him the ropes. I left the manager's office to find the new guy standing by one of the cargo entrances. He was a tall, muscular black guy wearing dark jeans and a white singlet. His stance had the effortless masculinity of a cowboy in a cigarette advertisement. He was, in fact, smoking a cigarette and leaning against a truck staring into nothing. I approached him and introduced myself. He barely looked at me as he shook my hand with a firm grip and dropped his cigarette butt to the ground while mumbling, "I'm Bryce."

Taking him around the warehouse, I explained how certain orders needed to be moved from storage units to the loading bay, that sometimes the forklift was necessary and at other times it was easier to carry the items individually. There was a minimum amount of work to be performed, but equally if a warehouse worker did too much, the boss would expect more. It was a fine balance. I gave details about the amount of inventory we stocked and how certain orders were given priority over others.

"Man, don't lecture me so much. I've done this thing before. Just point me out where to get started."

I was silent as we got down to work. We tackled a new shipment together, stacking large boxes on shelves that stretched the length of the warehouse and up several levels. Bryce twisted his face in concentration as he labored. I found it difficult not to steal glances constantly, but was careful not to let him catch me looking. Now and then thick drops of sweat dripped from his neck and shoulders, like, I imagined, sweet-tasting sap. A diamond-shaped wet patch blossomed on his lower back right above his large meaty ass. We were on a poorly lit level at the back of the warehouse, but I noticed how it swayed from side to side as he clambered up and down a ladder, moving large sheets of Styrofoam up to a high shelf. The fantastic heft of his rear wedged into his tight-fitting jeans was something I could happily bury my face in.

"You keep lookin at my ass, bro. What's up?"

His words thundered down and his mouth was twisted in an angry-looking sneer. I had forgotten myself for a moment, letting my stare linger too obviously.

"Nothing," I said trying to shy away.

"Don't lie. I see you."

I bowed my head, overcome with shame—and fear. Bryce climbed down the ladder and got in my face. His broad nostrils flared and his deep, dark eyes searched my face menacingly.

"You want it. Don't you."

It wasn't a question. He knew exactly what was going through my head. From this proximity I could see sweat steadily dripping down his face and from the pits of his muscular arms. There was a hard glint in his eyes. His aroma was strong and manly. It was all the more powerful because of the heat emanating off him after all our exertion. I was certain that he was going to beat the shit out of me, but as his stare became more intent I realized he wanted something else. He wasn't some straight hard-ass. He was just another black dude looking to make his way in the world on his own terms, wanting to satiate his sexual needs where and when he pleased—just like me. The warehouse was steeped in silence. It must have been three in the morning. Two other guys were working through this evening, but I was certain they were lounging near the entrance drinking beer and smoking, goofing off.

Bryce pushed me forward so I was flat against the shelf stacked high with boxes we'd shifted together. He pinned my arms and kissed me hard and deep. The dark stubble on our chins rubbed together as our tongues viciously fought each other. He pressed his face so hard against mine I thought my nose would snap. His body rubbed against me and I was blissfully flattened by his warm sweaty bulk. My breathing quickened as I responded, pushing against him, feeling the bulges in our jeans pressing together. I reached around to grab a big handful of his ass. He pushed me down onto my knees and ground my face into his crotch. I tasted the fabric of his dirty jeans as I tried to open my mouth over the huge hard on contained inside.

He split open his button-fly with one swift motion and his enormous cock emerged along with the powerful aroma of his dark sweaty balls. I wrapped my lips around the bulbous copper-colored end of his cock, sliding my tongue over the pinched skin on the underside of it. He grabbed my head and fucked my face with great force. Eagerly I stroked my dick while sucking him. Just as I felt his dick pulsing in my mouth as he was nearing orgasm, he pulled out and pushed me back. I stared up at this towering strong brother with his ferocious erection hovering over my face.

All my feverish fantasies collapsed under the weight of this mindshattering chance encounter. There was a perfect understanding in this sordid union at the back of the warehouse that I'd never had with Darnel. My mouth was watering for more and, as if Bryce intuitively understood what I desired, he turned around and raised one leg up on the ladder.

"Lick it, fucker" he ordered.

I stared up at the expanse of his magnificent brown ass. There was a faint line of short, curly dark hair down the crack. I half rose and came toward it tentatively, my heart pounding with fear about finally fulfilling this fantasy of mine. My nostrils filled with the heady hot scent of his ass. A sheen of sweat coated my forehead and I was

consumed with an adrenaline rush greater than any I'd felt before. He reached back and grabbed my head, driving it between his cheeks, rubbing my nose and lips along the parting curves of his rump. There was the tender, tight, dark hole puckering before my face. I loved the feeling of his hand on the back of my head urging me forward and his gravely voice over me ordering, "Go on. Lick my hole."

I grabbed his asscheeks, pulling them farther apart, my lighter brown hands splayed over the darker skin of his ass. Then I forced my tongue out to lap that hot, tight spot between his cheeks. It felt like I would suffocate between those magnificent, muscular asscheeks. He jammed my face in forcing me to pleasure his anus. My tongue wedged itself into his hole flickering manically as he rhythmically pushed my face into his ass. I sank into that moist, hidden area that had always felt forbidden to me. I knew he was beating himself off with his other hand because I could feel his body juddering in pleasure while I rimmed him. He emitted a deep groan above me that spurred me on to work faster and faster penetrating his anus with my tongue. My entire body burned in a feverish desire to pleasure him.

Bryce moaned loudly. It must have echoed throughout the cavernous warehouse, but I was too engrossed in the heat of his ass to care. Finally he released my head and I fell back on my aching legs. Dizzily, I stared up at the powerful asscheeks I'd just buried my face in. He turned halfway round to stare down at me, his chest still rising and falling rapidly. The long, dark length of his cock bobbed up and down with a pearly white drop of cum hanging from the end. I saw the sticky white juice dripping down the rungs of the ladder.

He breathed out heavily and muttered, "Thanks, man."

Bryce silently buttoned up and we walked out to the loading bay. My legs were unsteady after the prolonged period crouched on the floor beneath him. We found the other guys there, as I expected, chatting, drinking and having a smoke. I watched closely to see if they had any inkling of our mind-blowing experience out back, but they seemed totally oblivious. It seemed like what I had just done must be written across my face, but they read nothing in the beads of sweat that hung on my forehead. Bryce lit up a cigarette and chatted with them easily. I sat off to the side breathing in the cold early morning air and watching the amber-yellow glow that was breaking through on the horizon. Quietly content and filled with the warm stewing fire that fills your chest after the best sort of fucking, I enjoyed my smoke with no promises or demands on my future.

FOREIGNERS IN SITGES

Shaun Levin

Mauro works in the breakfast room at the hotel I'm staying at for the week. He's an Argentinean guy with dreadlocks and a bright yellow headscarf. He's into grunge, so I get extra points for being South African—apparently there's some famous grunge band from Durban. (What's grunge? But I don't ask.) I'm here in Sitges researching a book about a Jewish painter called Mark Gertler. The hotel is on the seafront; you can hear the waves from the balcony.

"Foreigners in Sitges," Mauro tells me in the evening at the hotel bar. "We stick together. Catalans don't like us."

He tells me the bohemian community in Sitges is mainly South American artists and musicians. And, he tells me—Nah! Really?—that this is the gay capital of Spain. I listen to all this because he is beautiful. I am the kind of person who can endure a lot for the sake of beauty: boredom, repetition, torture, you name it. I'll devise endless questions to demonstrate my fascination, all just to be close to men like Mauro. I'm so caught up in his beauty I can't tell whether he's trying to pick me up or just working for his tip. For the next three days, Mauro is on breakfast duty: he is the first man I will see every morning; my first words of the day will be to him.

One evening, Mauro invites me to his gig at Marypili, a lesbian bar on Joan Tarrida. I sit close to the small improvised stage and watch him play and sing—swinging his locks, his headscarf around his neck; the music a mixture of head-banging and Springsteen and it's sad and young and wild and yes, full of teen spirit—and every now and then he catches my eye and smiles in a way one smiles at admirers, the way he's probably seen men on screen smile at the women who fall in love with them. I feel vast and disloyal. As if Gabriel isn't waiting for me at home, as if I hadn't been having thoughts of him being The One.

Mauro and I get drunk and land up at his place where we have to

be quiet because his flatmates have gone to bed and what lands up happening is that after he falls asleep with a joint in his hand, I stroke his stomach, tracing the treasure trail down to his pubes and his cock, and when his cock is hard, I put it in my mouth and suck until he comes and I swallow and he sighs and in just a few seconds he's breathing slowly, snoring lightly. And I sit there smiling to myself, because it's been years (twenty-two, to be exact!) since I've seduced a straight boy. I watch him sleep, his body unguarded, his stomach exposed, his thick dark pubic hair, his cock soft and plump and shining with spit and his own ejaculate.

I take the circuitous route back to the hotel to increase my chances of picking someone up, which I do, a waiter who lives with his boyfriend and is out for a late-night stroll with their dog. We jerk each other off in an alleyway in the old part of town, our cum dotting the cobblestones.

Straight boys like to show you things. Young straight boys in particular. And of those, the ones without fathers the most. *Look what I've made, Daddy. Look what I've found*. The young man teaches the older man about grunge; he's eager to introduce him to the soundtrack of his life. There is something very close to sublime about the body of a young man almost twenty years younger than you. It's a new thing I'm discovering, now that I'm at an age where the world is overflowing with grown men much younger than me.

Mauro has come up to my room so he can play me The Banx on his iPod dock. We're stoned and naked and it's three in the morning; I can see he's regretting having said yes. He lies on the bed staring up at the ceiling and I kneel beside him, my head level with his body. He is silent and I am silent; there is nothing to say. I can tell from his eyes, from the way his mouth is shut, that he is beyond caring. The streetlamps cast a dull light onto everything—his skin, the bed linen, the wallpaper—a kind of doughy yellow.

"It's not going to work," he says.

"What's wrong with the way it is?"

"It's not what I want," he says, and turns onto his side to look at me, his locks fanning out across the pillow like a kid's pencil drawing of the sun's rays.

"Why did you come up?" I say.

"I like being with you," he says.

"Then why can't we keep doing this?" I say.

I gather his hair into a sheaf so that his face and neck are exposed.

"You want more than I can give," he says.

"You have to fuck someone," I say. "So why not let it be me?"

"I don't," Mauro says, and turns back to face the ceiling. "Now stop, please."

"Okay," I say. "Can I come and lie next to you?"

He says nothing, but moves over to make room for me on the bed. I tell him about the painter I am writing about, a man who killed

himself in his late forties, around the time of his son's seventh birthday. I tell him he used to come to Sitges with his wife and other writers and painters, that he'd tried to meet Picasso, but Picasso had taken the train back to Barcelona before Gertler had the chance to see him. Eventually we fall asleep, Mauro facing one way, me the other, the edges of our buttocks touching.

In the morning—just three hours sleep!—the sun comes up over the sea and shines onto the bed. The only sound is waves, a metronomic lapping, gently falling and falling and falling. Mauro goes downstairs for breakfast duty and I sit on the edge of the bed and watch the water and the palm trees beyond the balcony's railings. A man is cycling along the promenade to work. People are walking their dogs along the shore. The sea is calm and silver; the sun so bright the water dazzles. In the distance there's a dark smudge: a boat? a clump of seaweed? seagulls? the light playing tricks on the water? The landscape is celadon and aquamarine. In the terra-cotta pots on the edge of the balcony, the gerberas are bright yellow. Soon I'll be back home again; Gabriel will be there to meet me. Mauro will do breakfast and play grunge for the lesbians. From the room next door I can hear what sounds like a couple making early-morning love.

TRANSLATIONS

Roscoe Hudson

I hadn't been in Mannheim forty-eight hours and I was already being screamed at. The passengers on the *Strassenbahn* looked up from their books, newspapers and grocery lists and stared at me while I fumbled through my pockets and backpack for my *Fahrkarte*, the tiny ticket stub that proved I wasn't a fare jumper. The *Fahrkartenkontrolluer*, a hunky man dressed in a navy-blue train conductor's uniform adorned with shiny gold buttons and a matching blue cap, glowered at me, his gunmetal eyes vacant and intractable like those of a hawk. He stood in front of me rigid and silent with his lips tightly pursed in a thin line as he breathed through his nose. His pale white cheeks flared.

"Keine Fahrten fus freies!" he demanded.

"I just had it. It's here somewhere."

"Die Strassenbahn ist nur fur zahlende Passagiere."

The Fahrtenkontrolluer sighed and turned his head from side to side until he heard his neck crack. His slightly bent Roman nose and chiseled square jaw gave him a classic Teutonic profile. He scanned the faces of the other passengers while I turned my pockets inside out.

My passport and directions to Hans Krieger's apartment were the only items in the pocket of my blazer. Aside from a couple of euros and the wrapper from a pastry I ate for breakfast, the pockets of my jeans were empty. I wiped sweat from my forehead and continued searching. I had been warned by friends and a few colleagues at the university where I taught that Germans prized efficiency, strictly adhered to rules and had little tolerance for those who made excuses for violating them. Ticketless passengers on public transportation suffered severe penalties.

The transit system in Germany was like nothing we had in Chicago. German rails were immaculate and ran on time. Back home a person couldn't access the El without paying first. Here one could casually board the tram and ride for free without anyone knowing. The driver didn't ask for a fare or check tickets. That was the job of a special group of law enforcement who hopped on and off the Strassenbahn and asked for tickets with the same diligence as militiamen patrolling the border between the United States and Mexico demanding verifiable proof of citizenship. I had purchased my ticket just after I left the bakery, and spotting the tram approaching a couple of blocks away, sprinted to the stop. The officer boarded two stops after I got on. Burly and broad, his uniform clung to him like second skin and left little to the imagination. His biceps, deltoids and quadriceps, massive and round, seemed ready to burst out of his clothes with each movement he made. His face was frozen in a scowl that enhanced his authoritative, ultramasculine allure. I felt I was being berated by a Tom of Finland drawing and imagined him shouting at me while dressed only in lace-up Jobmaster boots and a metal cock ring. My hard-on bulged in my jeans the entire time he was yelling at me; I placed my backpack in my lap so neither he nor the other passengers could see. I rifled through my bag while the fantasy played out in my mind.

"Ich verliere die Geduld. Zeigen Si emir Ihre Karte."

"I can't understand you. I bought a ticket. Just give me a minute to find it."

"Alle Passagiere mussen eine Karte kaufen oder eine Geld-strafe zahlen!"

I started emptying the contents of my backpack onto the seat next to me: my diary, an English-German dictionary, a gay German travel guide and two novels by Dixon Weatherby, the reclusive expatriate black gay author I had come to Germany in hopes of interviewing for my new book. The bag also contained lots of protein bar wrappers and various receipts, but no tram ticket.

"Stellen Sie Ihre Karte her oder gehen Sie herzlich die Strassenbaun aus."

"Look man, I'm not a fare jumper. I just got here. Let me check my backpack again."

He crossed his arms over his chest. Silence settled over the idling tram. The longer the search for my ticket took the smaller I felt. My horny fantasy faded and my penis became flaccid. It was eight o'clock on a drowsy gray October morning, and the irate German officer barking at me had reached his limit. His eyes widened and a large vein appeared in his throat like a lightning bolt shocking the sky.

"In Deutschland you will speak Deutsch!" he roared.

Sweat trickled down my back. "It's in here. I'll find it."

"Produce your ticket now, sir!"

"I will if you give me a chance."

"Your passport, sir."

I gave him my passport and after he checked it he whipped out a pad holstered on his belt, scribbled on it, tore off a page and stuffed it into my palm. "You owe the city of Mannheim five hundred Euros. You will please pay by month's end."

He bounded off the tram and walked along the crowded sidewalk, taking long confident strides with his back straight and his chin high. Drenched in sweat and trembling, I kept my eyes on his tree trunk thighs and beefy bodybuilder's ass until the *Strassenbahn* turned a corner and he was out of sight.

One of my colleagues in the English department was born and raised in Berlin. When I told him I was going to spend a few weeks in Mannheim trying to persuade Dixon Weatherby to share his life story with me, rather than express doubts that I would ever be able to connect with the stubbornly reclusive writer, he laughed and said, "Mannheim? Don't blink, you'll miss it." He was right. The city has a population of over three-hundred thousand, and though many of its imposing granite and limestone Baroque buildings predate the seventeenth century, even the gay travel guide I toted in my backpack had little to recommend in the city. The only two places for gays to hang out were a bar called Connexion and a bathhouse.

After my unsuccessful first attempt to arrange a meeting with Dixon Weatherby, I went back to my cramped studio apartment near the Luisenpark, wrote in my diary and listened to Rosetta Stone, but I couldn't concentrate. Attempting to study German only made me think of the officer on the tram and how the situation both demeaned and aroused me. Though the officer's caustic behavior enraged me, I couldn't deny how turned on I was by him. If ever a body was made for fucking, it was his. I fantasized about him stomping into the studio and pinning me down on the bed, his massive body slamming against me while his long, fat dick drilled my asshole. I took the travel-sized bottle of lube from beside my bed, slicked up my palm and let my hand do what the officer couldn't. I tugged and squeezed all nine hard inches of my cock, mixing my precome with the lube so my dick would be slicker. The more I fantasized about the officer cursing me out in German while he raped my ass from behind, the more furiously I stroked my hardon, tightening my hand, twisting and flicking my dick from root to tip. My butt bounced on the sweat-soaked sheets. I imagined the officer rolling me onto my back and plunging every stiff inch of his love muscle into my quivering ass while I locked my thighs around him tightly and held on to his oversized shoulders. My hips bounced off the mattress, my balls jumped toward my pelvis, and a fountain of come shot into the air, glazing my stomach. Released, I fell into a nap, waking just as twilight was darkening to night. I dined on schnitzel at a small restaurant around the corner, then walked to Connexion.

What the travel guide described as a bar was actually an upscale coffee shop that also served beer and other alcoholic beverages.

Furnished as it was with polished mahogany tables and chairs and high stools at the bar, I was more likely to meet a grad student studying Hegel than the brick-house muscle daddies I had hoped to find there. Around fifteen men, most of them beanpoles in skinny jeans and polo shirts, sat around smoking and drinking lager. When I, the only black man in the place, walked in, they abandoned their conversations and watched me as I picked up a bar magazine from a rack by the door and took a seat the bar. A pulsating remix of Lady Gaga songs played through the speakers and the murmur of casual conversation gradually increased.

The bartender, a scrawny sweet-faced guy with twinkling eyes and a gauge in each ear, gave me a quick nod. I ordered a lager, a Konig; he set a foamy pilsner glass in front of me. I took one sip and scrunched up my face.

The bartender chuckled. "You don't like this beer?"

I was grateful he spoke English. "It's not my favorite." I wiped my mouth with the side of my hand.

A husky voice from behind said, "You should try a radler. It's sweeter."

I turned and came face-to-face with the *Fahrkartenkontrolluer* from that morning. He was wearing a red muscle T-shirt, snug jeans that showed off his meaty thighs and butt, white and red Pumas and a leather wristband. His shiny blond hair was short and wavy. Since our interaction earlier that day, he had grown a five o'clock shadow. Even in casual clothes he appeared menacing, as likely to crack my windpipe as give me a firm handshake.

"A radler?" I asked with a sneer, still nursing my anger from the incident on the tram. "Is that another lager?"

"Lager with Sprite." He looked past me to the bartender and said, "Bilden Sie es zwei," before sitting on the stool beside me and propping his elbows on the bar, flexing football-sized biceps.

The bartender mixed the radlers and set them in front of us on green felt pads.

As I reached for my glass, the officer gently put his hand on my wrist. "We must have a toast first." He lifted his glass. "Willkommen nach Deutschland."

"Danke," I said, grudgingly and took a sip. He was right, the radler was sweet.

"Good?" the bartender asked.

I nodded and the bartender waited on a customer at the other end of the bar.

I thought about ignoring the officer and moving, but I didn't want him to know how irritated I was. Since he had already paid for my drink abandoning him would have been rude, and in spite of our earlier confrontation I was still fiercely attracted to him. He was the hottest man in the bar by far; my dick started to get hard imagining what he packed in those tight jeans.

"So what do you do when you aren't harassing foreigners on the

tram?"

He chuckled. I was glad to see he had a sense of humor. "I don't think I was harassing you. I had a job to do; you violated the rules."

I tried to be nice but I could feel anger bubbling within me. "I wasn't lying. I bought a ticket."

"And where was that phantom ticket, my friend? Hmm? I never saw it."

He was a smug bastard. But the image of him naked in boots and a cock ring formed in my mind again.

"I am Rolf," he said.

"Vaughn."

His hand was thick and strong, not like my slim, artistic hand, which he squeezed tightly, establishing himself as the alpha male. Rolf was being congenial now: the muscles in his face softened and his eyes had lost their steely gaze. He behaved like two completely different men—a burly asshole in the morning and a flirtatious muscle stud at night.

He gulped his radler then asked, "What has brought you to Mannheim, Vaughn? Military work?"

"I'm a professor in the U.S., and I came here to locate an expatriate writer. I was on my way to see his former editor when you gave me that undeserved ticket."

"What does this man write?" he asked before he took another drink.

"Fiction. He published three novels back in the 1980s."

Rolf chuckled and wiped the corner of his mouth with his thumb. "I'm sorry. I don't see much point in making up stories."

His laugh faded quickly after he looked at my face.

"I apologize if I have offended you."

"We just can't seem to get off to a good start, can we?" I sipped my radler and thought about going back to my apartment.

Rolf scratched his scruffy chin. "He must be a very important writer if you are leaving your work at university."

"Dixon Weatherby. He's a black gay writer. Not as famous as James Baldwin but just as influential."

"I am sure you will find him. There are many gay black men in Deutschland, though none quite as handsome as you." He winked at me and took another drink.

The bar had become crowded and noisy. Rolf patted me on the back and said, "Finish your drink. We will take a walk." The timbre of his voice lowered under the weight of furtive plans I could only guess at. He squeezed my thigh, and the tiny lines around his eyes arched.

A few minutes later Rolf and I were strolling down the dark streets of Mannheim. I zipped up my jacket and walked with my hands deep in my pockets. Rolf's bullet-sized nipples grew erect beneath his tight shirt. We made our way along the dark avenues past closed flower shops, cafés, produce stands and *Apothekes*. The

facades of the Gothic buildings looked like ogres grimacing in their sleep. We passed the apartment building where I stayed and Rolf pointed out places of interest that I should see, but I hardly heard him. My attention was focused on his bodybuilder's physique. He was a walking stack of hefty, robust muscle, and as we walked down the sidewalk an occasional passerby gave him an incredulous wide-eyed stare—and his crotch was just as humpy as the rest of him. I imagined a flaccid cock the size of a bratwurst coiled inside of those jeans, straining against the rough, unyielding denim, eager for my plump moist lips and wide mouth.

Rolf faced me. The devilish gleam in his eyes was unmistakable. "You are enjoying Deutschland?"

"So far. Except for that ticket."

Rolf smirked. "Yes, that ticket. Perhaps you would prefer I speak only English?"

"Your English is excellent, not like my German."

"You will learn. I spent time in America as a boy. And my last boyfriend was American. From Atlanta."

"What was he like?"

"He was in the military. He was closeted. It was not a good situation."

"Was he black?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Just wondering."

"You think all German men like black men?"

"I've heard lots of stories."

Rolf chuckled, staring at the ground while we continued to walk. "You Americans are all the same. You denounce stereotypes yet when you come to Deutschland all you want is to visit concentration camps and guzzle beer." He exhaled a long breath then said, "Yes, he was black."

"So you like black men, huh?"

His eyes lit up and he gave me a playful smack on the ass. We came to a flight of stairs in a hatch located between two buildings. A sign above the stairs read WC. Rolf said he had to pee. I followed him down the stairs, hoping to get a glimpse of his dick. The dimly lit restroom looked large enough to accommodate a dozen men but Rolf and I were the only ones there. The restroom's spaciousness could be attributed to its lack of urinals; men relieved themselves on a decaying concrete wall, below a slim metal cistern affixed about seven feet from the ground. Water trickled from tiny holes in the cistern and down the wall into a two-inch reservoir where the wall met the floor, periodically flushing the piss into the sewer. Three grimy toilet stalls were located to the left of the wall. The whole place stunk of piss, shit and come.

Rolf and I approached the wall like gunslingers in the Old West, each eyeing the other warily to see not only who would make the first move but who packed the biggest piece. We unzipped, and our

cocks flopped out—his uncut and thick as a cucumber; mine cut and semihard. Our piss streams—his amber, mine golden—pattered as they made contact with the wall. He looked over at my cock, raised an eyebrow and nodded approvingly. "Very nice."

"Yours, too." I breathed a little faster and licked my bottom lip. "Real thick."

Once the last drops of pee piddled out of our piss slits, Rolf's face enflamed, coming to life with lust. My cock pointed heavenward and I stroked it. He started tugging on his fat cock too, forcefully yanking the thick foreskin back and forth over the wide bullet head of his dick. When it was fully hard his prick was nearly as long as his forearm. Aside from being the largest cock I had ever seen, it looked as menacing and dangerous as Rolf did. I stopped jerking my own hard dick and stood transfixed by Rolf's manhood. My mouth watered as I thought about the sloppy blow job I hankered to give him, but I felt phantom pains in my rectum when I imagined his cock pounding my hole. As threatening as Rolf appeared, I knew his cock was capable of more violence than both of his powerful hands. It was a cock designed to dole out punishments—more like a truncheon than a phallus—yet sheer pleasure, I reasoned, existed on the other side of that violence.

Rolf stared me down and curled his upper lip. "Suck me."

My knees crashed on the damp asphalt and I widened my mouth to accommodate Rolf's stiff member. I grasped his shaft as I laved his dick, taking in only the head at first. Though his penis was hard as steel, the skin was soft and smooth, free of any marks or scars. Light blond hairs covered his balls. I cupped them in my free hand; they were orbicular, full and heavy, more like the testicles of livestock than those of a man. Rolf raised his shirt over his head and behind his neck, exposing the globes of his shoulders, his hairy broad chest and flat, hard abdominal muscles. Blue-green veins crossed the landscape of his torso like rivers drawn on a map.

"You like my big cock?" he growled.

Rolf's metallic accent made my anus pucker. I stroked his dick from midshaft up to the head, squeezing it just enough to allow his precome to ooze out and pool on my tongue.

He rubbed his stubby nipples while I sucked him off. The squelching sound from my mouth competed with the incessant trickling of water out of the cistern. Rolf slowly began to thrust his dick in and out of my mouth before he grunted something to himself in German: "Saugen Sie mich gutes." Liberated by the sound of his native language echoing off the crumbling walls, Rolf put both hands on my head, as if grasping a basketball, and rammed his dick into my mouth as far as it could go. I gasped and gagged, fearing I would throw up. Instead, I relaxed the muscles of my throat and inhaled deeply. I glanced up and saw the wrathful face of the man who had ticketed me earlier that day. Rolf had become the brute again, the barbarian, mercilessly fucking my gaping wet mouth no

matter what injury it caused me. My jaw ached and my lips became numb. I was powerless, kneeling at the altar of his pleasure.

Rolf's hips swayed. He planted his left palm on top of my head and with his right hand tweaked one of his nipples. I gripped his ass, squeezing and pushing it as he forced himself in and out of my mouth. Beads of his sweat drizzled on me as he chugged like a steam engine, pumping into my mouth all the way to my tonsils. A frothy mix of saliva and precome lubricated his cock, slid down my chin and puddled on the floor.

"Sie mochten meinen Samen essen? Huh, baby? You eat hot German come, yes?"

Before I even thought of answering, he crammed my mouth with cock again. My body quaked as I stroked my own lead dick and anticipated Rolf's gloppy load. He grunted and puffed as his thrusts quickened. Then his glutes clenched, he lifted himself on his toes and a deluge of briny come filled my mouth. I kept sucking his dick, determined to draw every drop of semen out of him. I breathed in the must saturating his pubic hair, the fetid restroom, the sharp odor of my own sweat. I jerked my cock until the skin chafed and the head turned red. I rolled Rolf's come in my mouth, savoring its salty flavor, its viscid texture, yet I still couldn't come. My lust was immured within me, trapped behind impenetrable layers of organs, bones and flesh.

Seeming to sense my difficulty, Rolf bent over and pinched my nipples hard then whispered, "Come for your man, baby. *Ich wunsche Sie ejakulieren.*"

They were the words my body had been waiting for, the tongue of the Fatherland, the language I couldn't access yet longed to dwell within; the language that, to me, held the sleek, dark aura of a pair of steel-toed boots plodding on pavement, commanding, indifferent, inviolable. It was Daddy's slap across the face and his loving embrace, his admonishment and his approval. Thunder in the night, a rain-soaked forest at dawn.

Rolf's thick cock muffled my groans as I bucked and splattered the asphalt with bolts of come. When I jerked out the last remaining shots I looked behind Rolf and saw three men standing near the stairs watching us with their hands on their dicks, picking up where I left off.

* * *

The next day I decided to visit Hans Krieger again, hoping I would catch him in his office and persuade him to put me in touch with Dixon Weatherby. Weatherby's novels had served as the genesis of my dissertation several years before. My plan was to draw on his work and that of Baldwin and other black gay writers for a book on black gay aesthetics in literature. His fiction focused on black gay

men who unabashedly pursued their sexual desires with men of all races. They were stories of love and lust, race and identity, that unfolded in such varied settings as backwoods speakeasies in the deep South and posh hotels in the center of majestic European cities. I had already completed much of my work on the book, but I needed Weatherby's insights, the story behind the story, and I wanted to get them while the eighty-five-year-old author was still alive and in good health.

Just after breakfast, with my backpack over my shoulder and a hot cup of coffee in hand, once again I raced to the *Stras-senbaun* just in time to catch it before it took off. I sipped my coffee and flipped through pages of Dixon Weatherby's first novel when I heard a gruff voice ask, "Mag ich Ihre Farkarte?"

Rolf stood before me in his uniform, clean shaven, stone faced and humorless. The gold buttons on his blazer shined like tiny suns against his blue uniform.

I looked him up and down, and unable to mask the salacious delight I felt, gave my crotch a conspicuous tug. "Hey. You get home all right last night?"

"Ihre Farkarte, bitte." He raised his voice and translated in a sanctimonious tone: "Your ticket, please."

The tram slowed to a stop. Passengers disembarked and vanished among the network of aged stone buildings; new passengers boarded, looking just as washed out and colorless as the sky. Rolf stood out like a blot on a canvas. He frowned, locked his arms over his barrel chest and glared at me, his eyes as gray as Mannheim's persistently gloomy weather.

Every good feeling I had slid off my face. I hung my head for a moment, not sure if I wanted to get off the train or throw my hot coffee in Rolf's face. "I should have known," I grumbled under my breath before I reached into my backpack and took out my ticket.

He took a quick look and handed the ticket back to me. "This is expired."

"Say what?" My voice was weighed down with exasperation. "It can't be. I just bought it."

Rolf thrust the ticket in front of my face. Just as he said, it bore yesterday's date in faded red print: the ticket I couldn't find, the emblem of the miscommunication that brought us together.

"You require a new ticket, Sir."

"Are you fucking kidding me, Rolf?"

"Die Strassenbahn ist nur fur zahlende Passagiere."

I crossed my arms and leaned back in my seat, defiant as a child. "Well, I guess I don't have a fucking ticket."

He snatched his pad off his belt and scribbled, pressing so hard I could hear the pen traversing the page from edge to edge. He ripped off the ticket and handed it to me then hopped off the tram at the next stop.

In my apartment later than night I searched the Internet for the name and telephone number of someone in the Mannheim transit office I could file a complaint with. In spite of my attraction to him I thought Rolf should be censured in some way. In addition to getting a second fine on the tram, I was unable to persuade Hans Krieger to put me in contact with Dixon Weatherby. I sat in his ornate living room for over an hour while Krieger, a foppish seventy-year-old with a gray toupee, served me tea and crustless sandwiches as he passed lecherous glances over my body. When he sensed that I wouldn't be going to bed with him he told me the possibility of meeting Weatherby was out of the question and that I should give up my guest and return to America. On my way home from Herr Krieger's apartment I got caught in a cold rainstorm and ended up soaked. I arrived at my studio seething, fully prepared to pack my suitcases and catch the next available flight to Chicago. But first I wanted to exact revenge on Rolf.

I took off my wet clothes, put on T-shirt, boxers and socks, and sat on the edge of my bed assaulting the keys of my laptop as I thought about Rolf and his duplicity. I searched for words and phrases in my English-German dictionary while I typed a long angry email to the director of the transportation department, exposing Rolf as an egomaniac who preyed on Americans. In the midst of my cyberscreed, I heard pounding on my front door. I got up and looked through the peephole to see Rolf, still dressed in his uniform, standing in the hall. He stared back at me. I flung open the door.

"Gutenabend, Vaughn."

"If you're not here to apologize, Rolf, you need to go."

"Gutenabend is 'good evening' in German. Gutenabend."

"Look, whatever kind of games you're playing I'm not interested."
"Let me in."

"You need to go."

He stared at me hard and lowered his voice. "You can see I'm cold and wet from the rain. I'd like to talk to you. Let me in."

Once I let him pass and closed the door he stood in the center of my apartment and with his back turned to me began to take off his hat and jacket. After he pitched them into a corner he yanked his long-sleeved, light blue shirt out of his trousers, unbuttoned it and tossed it on the pile. The wide span of his nude back enlivened my cold-shrunken penis. I didn't want him to turn around and see my tumescent cock poking through my boxers, and I didn't want him in my apartment either. I fought with my own body; it ignored me.

"Rolf, you need to leave."

"Stoppen Sie zu sprechen und horen Sie. Be quiet."

"Having a big dick and a hot body doesn't mean you can fuck around with me. Are you on steroids or something?"

"I can fuck you when I like."

Still facing away from me, he removed his trousers, black briefs and socks and stood completely naked in middle of the apartment.

My eyes traveled up and down his gladiator's physique: a plump, ample ass; hamstrings like sides of beef; bulbous calves that rested atop slim ankles. When he turned and faced me his dick was hard. Precome already jeweled the tip.

"Sie saugen."

Rolf's body took up most of the space in my small studio. The precome on his cock began to drip to the hardwood floor.

I hunched my shoulders and tried to conceal my erection with my hands.

"Come suck my cock."

"Look, Rolf, last night was great, and I still think you're hot, but you can't..."

Rolf's handsome, determined face suddenly metamorphosed into the manic expression of a madman. The color drained from his face and deep lines etched into his skin making sharp, dramatic contours beneath his cheekbones and on the sides of his mouth. He lowered his eyelids and clenched his jaw. The muscles of my back tightened and tingled and I braced myself against the front door as Rolf stomped toward me. "Saugen Sie es! Stop talking and suck!" He grasped the back of my neck and forced me to the floor. His large hard cock filled my mouth. When I tried to resist he smacked the back of my head and pushed his dick in harder. A rank yet slightly sweet odor—a mix of precum, soap, urine, perspiration and the day's labor—saturated Rolf's genitals and soft pubic hair.

I sucked and jerked his billy-club cock with gusto, abandoning all of my rational thoughts, even those of revenge. Rolf stepped back and planted one foot on the edge of my bed. I got down on my hands and knees. Rolf grasped his penis at the base and began to shove it down my throat.

"Pretty cocksucker," he moaned. "Honey-brown ass."

I arched my back and stuck my ass out. Two hard smacks stung my buttcheeks before I heard my boxers rip, then the sound of Rolf hawking. A gob of hot spit splashed my anus; another gob followed. His thick hands and pudgy fingers kneaded and probed my eager rump while my ministrations on his engorged cock kept him groaning and mumbling to himself in German.

He stood up straight and demanded, "Stehen Sie auf und verbiegen Sie vorbei. Bend over on the bed."

I had my knees on the edge of the bed and my ass in the air instantly, offering Rolf my ass as if it was a bejeweled chalice filled with wine and he was a Roman solider about to go into battle. He slapped my humps a couple more times before he dipped his face between my quivering cheeks and lapped my hole with his tongue. His strong fingers dug into my fleshy mounds as he licked and flicked, slurped and slapped, grabbed and groped. My ass was his playground and he was as happy as a boy at recess.

He took off my socks, put both hands on the back of my T-shirt and ripped it from my torso. I wiggled my ass in front of him like a bitch

in heat. "Get the lube," I said. "Beside the-Aaaaggghhh!"

"My ass, my way."

"Goddamn! Wait...I'm not ready...." The language I couldn't access yet longed to dwell within.

"Süßer, fester Esel!"

Rolf mounted me and hopped on the bed, planting a foot on either side of my knees, and holding on to my trapezius muscle so I couldn't break free. He wasted no time thrusting into my ass, filling my cavity with the full measure of his cock, shifting my body to accommodate his pleasure. Tears streaked my face and I couldn't suppress the shrieks and wails that erupted from deep within me. No man had ever fucked me so hard with so little lubrication. No man had ever fucked me with such a big dick and such a lack of impunity.

Rolf pushed my upper body to the mattress and hoisted my ass higher, then hunkered down over me and held me in a full nelson. As his rhythmic thrusting quickened, his furry chest felt like a large Brillo pad scouring my back. His thighs, just as hairy and thick, collapsed on mine. The stabbing in my anus eventually gave way to pleasure and my agonizing shrieks and wails became *mmms* and *ahhs* of ecstasy.

Rolf panted in my ear. "You get fucked good, baby."

"Wear my ass out."

"Füllen Sie es auf, huh?"

"Yeah, baby, fill my ass up." Black gay men who unabashedly pursued their sexual desires with men of all races.

"Fuck you like a dog. Uggghhh... Tight ass...!"

He rolled me on my back. My asshole had dried up, so he took the lube from the side of the bed, squirted nearly half the bottle into me then submerged his long brawny dick in the river of my asscrack. I held my legs back as far as I could as he began to pummel my asshole, his penis moving like a drill boring and busting the earth for oil. I held on to his round hard ass while his enormous body undulated over mine. He kissed my lips while he continued to fuck me. Sheets of Rolf's sweat soaked my body and soon a lake of sweat and lube formed in the sheets beneath us.

"You like big white dick?" He grunted and swirled his hips.

"In German." I licked his lips. "Sprechen Sie auf Deutsch." In Deutschland you will speak Deutsch!

Rolf acknowledged me with a half smile. His hot breaths puffed in my face before his mouth closed over mine and his tongue coiled around my tongue.

"Sie wünschen Geschlecht die ganze Nacht?" Rolf asked.

"Fuck me all night, baby." The emblem of the miscommunication that brought us together.

"Feste ass."

The bed squeaked, scooted and rocked: the sound of bridled horses galloping across the German countryside: work boots

tromping and scuffing wood floors.

Rolf's mouth hung open and he shut his eyes tight, crying out, "Aaaaahhhh! Aaaaahhhh!" Copious amounts of semen flooded my asshole and spilled onto the bed. He kept thrusting into me well after he came; a squishing-squelching sound chorused with the staccato thumping of the bed. He raised his upper body and told me to jerk off. "Ich wunsche Sie ejakulieren." His spit on my dick and told me to use it for lube.

I yanked my dick while Rolf's cock kept stretching me out. He grasped my ankles and splayed my legs wide. I looked at his broad torso shiny with sweat and imagined Apollo driving his sun chariot across the morning sky; Hadrian, clad in armor and a centurion helmet, marching off to war, his blood-red cape billowing behind him; Hercules slaying the Hydra.

I groaned and a geyser of come exploded from me. My nut-busting orgasm felt as if it lasted for several minutes, and when I had squeezed out the last drop of cum Rolf lay down beside me. He kissed my temple and wrapped his arm around me. We slept.

* * *

The *Strassenbahn* glides through the rain-swept streets of Mannheim during morning rush hour. Though the skies remain overcast and gray, now and again the sun announces itself, not unlike a mischievous child sneaking out of bed to dance and play after his parents have confined him to his room. The citizens of Mannheim are still bundled in their heavy clothes, still stubbornly adherent to their own routines and resigned to the rough unpleasantness of the season.

I take a seat near the door and place my backpack squarely on my lap. I am rereading Dixon Weatherby's first novel. It concerns Eugene MacArthur, a black gay man from Mississippi who narrowly escapes a lynching in 1947 and moves with his female cousin to New York City where he falls in love with an Italian-American mason named Giancarlo. It is an engrossing novel, and I read it now with the same wonder and zeal as when I first read it in my freshman year of college. The book enthralls me so much that I do not notice the Fahrkartenkontrolluer standing before me, waiting patiently for my ticket. His looks are handsome in a way that is devastating. His physique is undeniably gorgeous; it is a body not developed naturally but forged over years of discipline and a strict diet and exercise regimen—an archetype of masculine power and strength. I hand him my ticket. He examines it and, satisfied that I paid my fare, returns the ticket to me. "Good book?" he inquires.

"Ja," I say.

[&]quot;What is it about?"

[&]quot;Ein Mann, der sich befreit."

The officer nods. He appears intrigued. His gray eyes look directly into mine and for a moment we let the world fall away, existing outside the limits and order of language. We are two men with the same wants and desires, the same need for recognition, respect and comfort. We are not our nations, our languages or the stereotypes that have the power to confine and condemn.

The officer's voice slightly quivers when he asks, "Could we meet for a coffee later today? At Connexion?"

I smile and nod.

"I'd like to learn more about your book. Perhaps you will bring it with you?"

I answer, "Ich hole Ihnen eine autographierte Kopie. Ich bin auf meiner Weise, den Autor zu treffen."

"Ah, so you know the author? Yes, I would very much like an autographed book. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"At five o'clock?"

I nod and return to my book.

As the officer prepares to disembark the tram he turns to me and says, "You speak German quite well." Once he steps off the tram he lifts his hand in a gesture of farewell and maintains eye contact with me until the tram is out of sight.

THREE BOYS AND A BOAT —OR POSSIBLY FIVE

Tony Pike

The summer of 1976 has remained in British folk-memory as the hottest and longest ever, in spite of all the records that have tumbled since. During that summer three young London lads who hadn't met before rented a holiday cottage together on the Cornish coast, answering an ad they'd all seen in *Time Out* magazine. There was Jason, just out of university, aged twenty-three and the tallest and biggest of the three. There was Nick, living in that short limbo between school and university: at age nineteen he was a size or two smaller than Jason—though Jason found him quite big enough for his taste in bed. Then there was young Danny, with his last year at school behind him, guitar-playing, broad-brimmed-hat-wearing, very small and very cute, eighteen years old the week he met the other two for the summer.

On holiday together for the first time, they'd made the happy discovery that they were all gay. The hot weather had caused them to discard the jeans and tops they'd arrived in and to spend all their time in shorts, or swimming trunks, or sometimes neither. The last of these three sartorial possibilities tended to be their favorite when they were alone, the three of them, at Wrynack Cottage, Stoat Lane, in the evenings and early mornings.

During the first week of their stay, and of their acquaintance with each other, each had been clever enough not to stake any sort of exclusive claims to anyone, and they intended things to stay that way. If Jason wanted to sleep with Nick one night, that was fine with Danny; if Jason and Danny wanted to be alone together one afternoon then Nick saw no problem with that; often they found themselves—almost by accident, it seemed—enjoying a threeway on the lawn. So Jason did not feel in any way put out when, this particular morning, after a brief swim at the beach and a lie down to

dry off in the sunshine, the two younger boys walked up the hill to get their bikes and ride off along the Devon lanes. They planned to have lunch in a village pub somewhere. Jason said that if they were planning to be back in time for an evening meal he'd shop and cook for them later. They thanked him and set off.

Jason remained on the beach, sunbathing and half dozing in the warm air. From time to time he sat up and gazed toward the sea. It was a brilliant blue, sparkling in the sun. Around the cove a number of small sailing boats, dinghies and cabin cruisers, yachts of varying sizes, lay at anchor, barely moving on the calm water, while little wavelets broke lazily against the shore. On one of the boats that stood farthest out there was some activity. Two young men were aboard it, bobbing in and out of sight as they moved about in the course of some task or other—changing the sails, maybe, or painting something. What attracted Jason's notice particularly was the fact that both the slim and youthful figures appeared to be—as far as he could be certain from this distance—completely naked. Jason watched them for some time, and his heavyweight cock thickened lazily inside his trunks.

An idea occurred to Jason, though he soon dismissed it as far-fetched. Anyway, he wouldn't be able to put it into practice today. There was shopping to be done. And if he needed sexual release before the others returned, there was always that familiar entertainment system between his legs. It stirred just then, as he thought about it. Jason smiled. That was something that never let you down.

In the pub that evening Danny and Nick regaled Jason with the story of their day. It had been more eventful than Jason's and had involved Nick getting fucked by the diminutive Danny for the first time. There isn't space to detail that particular adventure here. Enough to say that when the tale was done there was a palpable sense of excitement among the three of them. Nick, who had been the storyteller, felt obliged to break the spell: they were in a public place after all. "Okay," he said, "who's for another beer?" As he got up to go and fetch the second round, the ridge in his shorts was plain to see.

"I hope they don't look too closely at him when he gets inside," Jason said to Danny when he'd gone, and Danny gave a little snicker of a laugh and, half turning on his chair toward Jason, enabled him to see—gently showing off—the outline of a miniature erection in his own tight shorts, together with a freshly arrived blot of precome, which had worked its way from inside to out and of which he seemed to be quite proud, which Jason found touching.

Jason would have been tempted to reach out and have a feel of Danny's hard-on through the fabric of his shorts but the occasional comings and goings of customers through the inn doorway just three feet away ruled that out—at least for the here and now. And

then, a moment later, out came Nick, carrying two pints of beer, and with him two young men of about his age—though perhaps one was as old as Jason. This older one was carrying Nick's third pint, which he set on the table in front of Danny and Jason just as Nick placed the others there. The young man explained, "Saw him struggling with three pints and two hands. Offered him the use of mine."

"Thanks, mate," Nick said, turning to him. "You sure you won't stay and join us for one before you go?"

"Not this time," he said. "Time for me to be off. But can we take you up on it another night? I'm Pete." He offered Jason and Danny his hand to shake. All shook hands and gave their names. The younger boy was called Simon. In contrast to the shorts-wearing threesome, Pete and Simon were quite heavily dressed, in cord trousers, boots and fishermen's sweaters. They both looked nice, though, in a butch and clean-cut way. They said goodnight, and see you again, then strode off and disappeared into the dark.

"They were finishing a game of darts," Nick explained as he sat down and they all said cheers. "Then, as they were leaving, they saw me trying to carry our three drinks and helped me. Nice of them."

The others agreed. "Nice looking too," Jason said. He thought back to the idea he'd had, lying on the beach that morning, watching the boats and the boys that moved to and fro aboard one of them. Was it possible...?

"You're sure you don't mind Danny and me disappearing on our bikes again?" Nick asked Jason. Another sun-washed morning had begun, and the three lads had once more made their way downhill, with towels and wearing swimming trunks, to the beach.

"No, not at all," Jason said. He added mysteriously, "I've got a little adventure of my own in mind, actually. Though it may not work out." But he wore a look of determination that made the others think he was going to make pretty damn sure it did work out, whatever it might be. "I'll let you know all about it afterward. Promise."

Relieved to be let go with Jason's blessing, the younger two took their leave. Half lying, half sitting on the sand, Jason watched them go, waved to them as they mounted their bikes and rode away uphill and inland, then turned his head toward the sea, glittering with its morning diamonds, and for some minutes lazily half watched the two young men on the distant yacht—who again seemed to be completely naked—going about their nautical housekeeping tasks.

Then, wearing nothing but his flip-flops, his tightest pair of swimming trunks, and with his small towel over one broad shoulder, Jason stood and walked down the sun-warmed beach. Halfway to the water's edge he came to a sudden stop. All signs of life on board the yacht he'd been observing had disappeared, and Jason wondered if he was already too late. But then, after a little while, the two naked young men Jason had been watching earlier emerged from below deck, showed themselves in full-length silhouette for a moment,

then sank down till only their heads were visible. It was difficult to be sure at this distance but they had each seemed to be carrying some object carefully in one hand, and Jason made the reasonable guess that they had come out on deck with a cup of tea or coffee each, and had now sat down to drink it in the sunshine.

Jason continued to stare at their heads for a moment longer but saw no other sign of activity. Then he resumed his walk down the beach to where gentle wavelets—the soft lappings of a summer morning—were unthreateningly licking the shore. He realized, hardly daring to believe it, that this was the moment. He was about to put his plan into action. The thought made him giddy for a moment. It was a plan so bold, so outrageous, that until a few days ago he would not have contemplated it in his wildest dreams.

A little distance before the water's edge a craggy pile of rock reared up through the sand. Here Nick and Danny had gone poking about in rock pools their first morning. Jason remembered how his cock had stiffened as he'd watched them both in the distance getting their dicks out and playfully peeing into a pool from opposite sides. By now Jason knew there was a crevice in this rocky outcrop, near the top, which remained dry even at the top of a normal summer high tide. He made toward this crevice now and, on finding it, stuffed his flip-flops and the towel he carried as far into it as they would go. After a moment's hesitation and a glance back along the beach, he peeled off his trunks and crammed those in as well. Then he walked the last few yards into the sea.

Jason waded till he was armpit deep and then struck out, breaststroke. He wanted to keep his destination in sight, if it were possible, all the way. The hull of the yacht was now only occasionally visible, but the masthead remained a reassuring landmark to help him keep his course. It was a longer swim than he'd anticipated. At one point he thought he heard the buzz of an outboard motor somewhere quite near, but he couldn't pinpoint the direction of the sound with any accuracy nor could he see a boat. But at last the side of the yacht loomed close in front of him, and Jason, feeling there could be no going back now, quickly closed the gap between it and himself.

He hauled himself out of the water with the help of cleats on the yacht's slippery side, and then was peering in over the rail. And there he beheld, sitting in the well of the yacht's cockpit, not two young men with no clothes on but, sitting facing him, a single youth clad in shorts. They were the smallest, tightest shorts imaginable, it has to be said, and they were khaki in color, so they very nearly matched the tone of the youth's lightly tanned skin, but they still clothed him a hundred percent more decently than Jason himself was clad. What's more—although this surprised Jason rather less—the youth was someone Jason knew.

Or at least, had met. It was hard to say which of the two was the more surprised. But it was the youth, on his home ground and more

confidently dressed, who spoke first. "Oh, hi. We met in the pub last night. You were with... Sorry, I don't remember their names. Pete helped carry your drinks out. He's my cousin. I'm Simon."

"I remember," Jason said. "And I'm Jason. My two mates... Well, they're not here right now. Danny and Nick."

"Climb on over," Simon said to Jason, who still hesitated, hanging on to the rail, his feet trailing in the water below.

"Are you sure?" Jason queried, suddenly disconcerted by his nakedness. "I don't have any trunks on."

"Oh, don't worry about that. Just hop over the rail anyway. You've just missed Pete. He buzzed off to shore in the inflatable a few minutes ago to get some supplies. Surprised you didn't meet him."

"Think I heard his outboard, but our paths didn't quite cross." Jason hauled himself onto the deck and stood in all his naked glory, dripping. In the main he made an impressive sight: a Michelangelo statue, tall, slim waisted and muscular. But his crowning adornment, his more-than-Michelangelo prick, had been severely affected by its exposure to the chilly sea, and looked distinctly cold and sorry for itself and small: a little pinecone protruding from the join between belly and legs, retreating shyly behind his foreskin's folds, his peehole a tiny tight pucker in the skin. As for his magnificent balls, they were scarcely on view at all, as they tried to climb back into the warmth inside him, his ball sac tight and wrinkled as a prune, and almost hidden among his pubes. Whatever might or might not be lurking in the privacy of Simon's shorts, the boy was not going to be intimidated by anything that Jason had on show right now.

"Let me get you a towel," Simon offered practically. He got up. "Have a seat. I'll be right back." He disappeared down the companionway, making the boat rock slightly. Jason lowered himself onto the bench seating of the cockpit and made himself as comfortable as naked skin can manage to be on shiny, plastic-covered cushions.

Simon reappeared a moment later with a towel. To Jason's mild disappointment, though hardly to his surprise, he was still wearing shorts. Even so, he was a very prepossessing sight. Jason guessed his age to be about nineteen, like Nick. And though he wasn't as big or tall as Nick he was chunky and muscular in a cute kind of way. He had straw-blond hair, blue eyes, snub nose and a smiling mouth. And those shorts were tantalizingly tight. Jason guessed they had been his Boy Scout uniform shorts, outgrown and discarded maybe three years before but now pressed once again into overstretched service for the summer. They revealed practically the whole of his sturdy thighs, and were tight enough to display a proud prominence at the front: a dome in which it was not yet possible to pick out separate outlines of cock and balls but which was nevertheless extremely promising in terms of size.

"Here." Simon threw the towel to Jason, who caught it, thanked him and promptly stood up and started to dry himself. After a few seconds he was surprised to hear Simon say, "Here, I'll help you do your back," which he immediately did, even patting Jason's buttocks dry, though he was careful not to let his hands stray round to the front. Then they both sat down again on the bench seats, facing each other across the cockpit. They were both nervous now and unsure what to do or say next. Simon, conscious of his duties as a host, said, "Pete'll be back shortly, I'm sure. In the meantime, I'm not too sure what the time is but I reckon it's never too early for a gin and tonic. What do you think?" Jason thought this a fine idea and said so, at which Simon disappeared below deck a second time.

It took him a little longer to fix the gin and tonic than it had to fetch the towel, and Jason took advantage of this time to try and do something about his sadly foreshortened cock. In deciding to swim out here and bravely show himself off in statuesque nudity he had forgotten to take into account the inevitable effects of prolonged immersion in cold water. Nor had he guessed that the two young men he'd come calling on might not be naked after all. That made two things that had gone wrong. Still, it could have been worse. Simon had turned out to be not quite a stranger, and a nice fellow too.

Jason turned his attention to his dick. This might be the only occasion on which Simon would ever see it. They might meet again socially, in the pub, fully clothed, and Jason didn't want the boy to keep with him the memory of a big hunky man, impressive without his clothes on except in the matter of his sea-shrunk cock. He touched it with his finger and tried to tickle it into life, then he tried pulling it with thumb and forefinger made into a ring, the way he had often seen Danny handle his own small prick. Still it refused to react. So he left it alone, instead lounging forward in his seat and spreading his legs wide, exposing his organ to the maximum in the glare of the sun. He guessed that if only his welcome lasted a little longer his diminished member would have time to warm up in the sunlight and return to at least some semblance of its usual size and majesty. Simon would at least take away from the morning's encounter a decent memory of the sight of Jason's cock even if, as seemed likely, the situation never developed to the point of anything happening between them.

Simon came back carrying two glasses of gin and tonic, garnished with lemon, chinking with ice and sparkling in the sun. He handed one to Jason, then went and sat opposite him, facing him once again across the cockpit. Jason noticed the boy's eyes flick toward his crotch. Simon was clearly aware that Jason was putting his goods on display, though perhaps a little puzzled that he was so anxious to display something so run-of-the-mill in terms of size. But Jason took heart from that fact that Simon not only sat directly opposite him, drink in hand, but was mirroring his posture, crotch thrust well forward and legs spread wide apart so that their knees were little more than a foot apart.

"I'm glad you came," said Simon. "It was nice to meet the three of you last night. But what brought you all the way across the sea this morning—without swimming trunks?" He stopped, surprised perhaps by his boldness, grinned, and then giggled.

That gave Jason enough confidence to answer with at least a little bit of the truth. "I'm embarrassed now," he said. "I think I've made a bit of a gaffe. If I explain, promise you won't throw me overboard?"

"Promise," said Simon with a laugh. Jason thought, though perhaps it was only wishful thinking, that a bit of a ridge was becoming visible on the dome that already nicely mounded Simon's tight shorts. Looking down he saw that his own cock, warming nicely in the sun, was already appreciably bigger than when he'd last looked, two minutes before.

"The thing is," Jason explained, "the other lads and I—well, we quite like messing around in the nude when there's no one but the three of us. I'd spotted you and Pete on the boat from a distance and thought, wrongly as it turns out, that the two of you also... But there you are in tan-colored shorts. My mistake. Beg pardon!"

"You don't need to. Like I said, I'm glad you came. And how do you know we don't go naked out on the boat here sometimes? Maybe you were right all along." Simon stole another look at Jason's lengthening penis. It seemed to be showing some definite interest in the developing conversation. This gave him the courage to develop it a little further. "Tell me to mind my own business if you like but when you say messing around together, what exactly do you mean?"

"Well," said Jason treading carefully, not wanting to frighten Simon off. "All kinds of boy things." The thought made his cock positively stir. Simon saw that, and now Jason no longer had any doubt that Simon's dick was swelling strongly in his shorts. He looked into the boy's eyes and seeing only encouragement and eagerness there, came out with it. "You know. Sexy things." He paused a second. Simon did not take fright; instead his face relaxed into a grin. But Jason's voice still showed a hint of caution as he asked, "You and Pete?"

The grin faded. "I wish," he said. "But no." Suddenly they were both totally relaxed together. The unsayable had been said by both sides.

"Tell me," said Jason gently.

"We're cousins but also good friends, and have been all our lives. Now we're here together, smartening up this boat, which belongs to Pete's father. Sharing a cabin, you know, and working side by side. By the way, I was misleading you when I said you might be right about the two of us working naked together. We never do. Even when we get undressed to get into our bunks Pete turns his back to me." Simon shook his head. "Weird, you know. Here I am talking to you about all this, to a near stranger, and you're sitting there right in front of me with a fantastic big cock and the sun shining onto it, and I've never even caught a glimpse of Pete's. If I want to wank I

have to do it in the shower, or else when he's in the shower. I seem to have fallen for him in a big way. I don't know if it's love exactly, but it's certainly lust. And all totally one sided. And it's doing my head in." He stopped. "I don't know why I've just told you all that. You will keep it to yourself, won't you?"

Simon looked again at Jason's cock. "Hey, you're getting pretty hard now." It was true. Aroused by Simon's story of what sounded like a bit of teenage heartbreak, Jason's dick was morphing from sausage to pole. It hadn't quite reached full stretch yet; it still curved downward a little even as it rose free from the cushion of his balls. The big cherry tip of Jason's glans was beginning to peep from under his foreskin.

"If I'm getting a hard-on it's because I've been watching you getting hard in your shorts too," said Jason. "Couldn't fail to notice, actually."

They both peered at Simon's crotch. Something that looked like a length of hose pipe was forming a tense curve, trapped in his shorts. Every feature of it was clear to see through the fabric, the long underside ridge and the *V*-shaped underside rim of his cockhead. He was almost certainly circumcised, Jason thought, showing off a helmet-rim as well defined as that. And the cockhead was pretty massive, the shaft solid and thick, though its length was difficult to gauge as yet. Under Jason's gaze Simon suddenly wet his shorts with a generous spill of precome. Simon also saw the sudden seepage. He giggled. "Now look what you've made me do," he said.

"It looks like you'd be more comfortable without the shorts on," Jason said, trying to keep his voice even.

"Maybe I would," Simon answered a bit tremulously. "But then what's going to happen? And with Pete due back at any moment."

"Why don't we cross our bridges as we come to them?" said Jason. "Pete's your cousin, not your lover. It might be a bit embarrassing if he turned up and caught us doing something, but he could hardly claim you'd been unfaithful to him. And you're not a child."

It wasn't Jason's reasoned argument but rather the unreasoning, not to be denied, urgency inside his scouting shorts that caused Simon to stand up just then, unbelt and then unzip those shorts, and then wrestle them (they were far too tight to slide) down his chunky blond-furred thighs. Jason watched in wonder as Simon's big, thick dick came bouncing out of its taut captivity. Big, thick cock, a head like a pink Ping-Pong ball, shining and dripping wet, and big chunky, furry balls. His prick wasn't especially long, Jason noticed, but who cared about that; the boy was simply beautiful and that was all there was to it.

"Come here," Jason told him, though the instruction was hardly necessary. Without either of them seeming to move they were in each other's arms, hugging, stroking and caressing each other's warm tanned skin and sea-salty hair. Their cocks ground achingly together between their hot bellies. They were wetting each other

with unstoppable flows of precome and tickling each other with their pubes.

Jason reached down Simon's back and slid the blade of his hand down Simon's soft buttock cleft. When he was certain he'd found the right place he gently fed the tip of a finger into Simon's most private little space. "Has anyone done this with you before?" he asked softly. It wasn't clear whether he meant explored his arse with a finger, or the whole idea of sex with another man or boy.

"Only at school," Simon answered, as though school didn't count, and not seeming to care exactly what the question meant either.

"School. Best place to learn," said Jason. "That's where I started too."

Simon pulled back a little way from Jason; only a little, though. Just far enough to be able to see and admire his massive cock, straining upward and dispensing precome as freely as a faulty tap. Tentatively he placed his hand on it, then circled the shaft with his fingers. They didn't quite meet around the base. Then slowly he began to move his grasping hand up to the slippery foreskinned tip and then back down again to the root. Meanwhile Jason reached for Simon's short but sturdy pole and began to do the same. "You're beautiful," Simon said, and Jason answered softly, "So are you."

"Isn't he just," said another voice near at hand as the boat lurched suddenly downward on one side. That caused them to spring apart with a start, though neither of them had any doubt about who the voice belonged to. There was Pete, peering at them from over the rail, just where Jason had climbed over a short time ago, dressed in T-shirt and jeans, his feet presumably still standing in the bottom of the inflatable dinghy below and out of sight. He might well have looked angry or outraged. But he didn't. He was grinning broadly.

Pete quickly tied the dinghy to the rail and climbed aboard. A pretty substantial something was arching up inside his denims. He said to Jason, without malice, "My little cousin, with whom I've been aching to do what you're doing, and you get there first! Never guessed about him, all these years. Sharing a cabin with him's been torture. Had to wait till he was in the shower, or I was, before I could even play with myself. Now look at him, the crafty little devil!"

Simon said to him, "I wanted you all that time too. I never guessed that you..."

Pete hadn't waited for an invitation to pull his jeans down and join in the onboard activities. Jeans were already around his tanned, muscular calves, underpants halfway down his thighs like a safety net. His cock had come soaring out of its confinement, a great, upcurving, circumcised boner that Jason realized was nearly as big as his own, now bobbing about in the aftermath of its sudden upswing. He stepped—or rather stumbled, since he had his pants down—toward the other two, and drew them both into the embrace of his arms, and then, in a second, they were all madly at work with their hands on each other's cocks. Jason was firmly pumping Simon's

thick short one, Pete had his hand clasped round Jason's and was hauling at its massive length till Jason's foreskin flickered like a fluttering eye. And Simon had his own hand where he'd wanted it for years, tugging the thick curved length of Pete's most private organ—that massive but svelte adornment that he'd never seen before.

After a minute Pete gasped, "I can't stand up, my legs are buckling."

"Mine too," whispered Simon and, as one, the three of them gratefully sank to their knees on the deck, though without interrupting the flow of their piston strokes by so much as a beat. Anchored by their knees now, they found themselves helplessly jerking their crotches in and out in uncontrollable pelvic thrusts that threatened at times to pull their penises right out of the grasp of the hands that were milking them.

Simon, younger than the other two by a few years, did not surprise them when he announced quite loudly that he was going to come. "Oh, man, guys, I'm going to shoot!" The words were hardly out of his mouth before his sperm was out of his short, fat, roundheaded cock. It fell heavily, a massive load, onto the deck just in front of his bare knees, with an audible *plip*. The sight of this was too much for the other two. Pete's strong, fast-moving hand caused Jason's prick to spurt out a long, white string of spunk that landed right inside Pete's underpants, which were still stretched, net-like, between his thighs. Simon, seeing this, said, "Looks like you've caught a fish, Pete." And that, in turn, proved the trigger to make Pete's cock unload its own supply of sperm.

Perhaps Pete hadn't come for a few days, or longer. He delivered the biggest spunk-squirt that Jason had ever seen, and one of the most energetic. It was giant water pistol time. His first, fast, upward squirt went arcing between the shoulders of the other two, and disappeared from sight behind them. Then came another, which caught Simon on the chin, and a third that made it no higher than Jason's belly button and landed on his upper thigh, but then pearls of diminishing size kept popping out, not traveling far now before they fell to the deck, but they went on and on and on. He was helped in this by Simon, who didn't cease or slow his frenzied strokes on his cousin's cock after he had come himself. Simon might have been only a private masturbator before today, but he had certainly proved that he knew what to do when the time came to pump spunk with somebody else.

It took them a few moments to recover themselves. Still kneeling and naked, Jason addressed Pete, himself kneeling on his crumpled denims, his slowly deflating cock still oozing the last threads of its abundant store of come. "I'm Jason. Don't know if you remember, but we met last night. And I'm sorry, but I seem to have shot into your underpants."

"Don't worry about that," Pete said, broad-mindedly. "I don't

reckon I'll be pulling them back up any time soon. Like any time in the next few weeks." He grinned and jerked his head toward his young cousin. "Now that the two of us know each other a bit better." And Simon giggled and tousled Pete's hair.

That evening it was Jason's turn to tell his tale to Nick and Danny in the village pub beside the beach. "They wouldn't hear of me swimming all the way back," he finished, "but took me in the inflatable, all three of us bollock-naked now, and dropped me near where I'd left my trunks. They headed back out to their yacht—presumably to try a few more adventurous ways of having sex together. But they said they'd see us here for a drink sometime later tonight. And—I hope you both don't mind—I've told them they must come up to Wrynack Cottage and see us at home quite soon."

"Sounds like that might be something to look forward to," said Nick a bit archly. He took a gulp of his Badger ale. Then a smile spread slowly across his face. In through the pub doorway came his friend's new friends. All five of them were fully dressed right now. But all of them privately thought—smiles breaking out as eyes met across the room—that that would not remain the case for long.

FOR JORDAN

Rafaelito V. Sy

"One thing my films always have is ass eating. Make sure you guys do that."

No problem, I thought. Gladly, I thought.

"Have some dialogue to start the scene."

What? This is porn. I'm not supposed to think, much less think about conversation. I asked, "What sort of dialogue do you want? What's the scenario?"

He looked peeved, the director did. Not a bad-looking director to be having sex in front of, though—salt-and-pepper hair, military cut; features that were chiseled and boyish; hazel eyes that indicated his impatience to get the scene started. I would've expected more direction since that was his job. He fucked me once, too, days after the first shoot I did for him. He had called me to his studio, where I climbed a ladder to his loft. I stripped butt naked. My body was still brown from the tan I had gotten for the shoot, pumped as always from my four-day-a-week workout. He dropped his pants—that was all, didn't take off his shirt or anything else. I lay on my back on his unmade bed and raised my legs. He clamped his hand around my neck. I saw wooden walls, a wood ceiling, a wood floor.

Everything was wood, wood painted black; and white, white sheets, white pillows.

He spat on his prick, shoved it up my butthole, closed his eyes, ejaculated into my gut and told me to get dressed and get out. That was fine with me because that was exactly what I wanted from him. The beautiful thing about us men is that we can get in touch with our animalistic side and not feel like shit about it.

You were in that first video with me, Jordan, you and another guy, some mean, lean soldier dude with a blond buzz cut. I was on all fours on a lazy Susan built for a body. The two of you were spinning

me around, taking turns plugging my mouth and my fuckhole, raising my legs over my head, standing with your hard cocks inside of me, hammering mercilessly.

What a duo you and the other top made, Jordan. You: six-one; early thirties; bodybuilder's hard, thick physique blurred by reddish-blond hair; pierced nipples and ears; cleft chin. Him: six feet; midforties; swimmer's build; a biohazard tattoo to the left of his navel; eyes blue and intense as the deep sea; a lean and long cock challenging your thick manhood. And me: five-seven; age somewhere between the two of you; black hair and black eyes; a twenty-nine-inch waist; muscular pecs; brown skin. The two of you tagging me was enough to get my mouth going: "Slam it up my nasty butthole... Ravage my filthy whore guts... Heat up my insides with your gnarly man juices..." When the video came out, a brochure wrote of our scene: Most bottoms just lie there. But this Asian is one aggressive fuck who calls the shots.

* * *

Now we were cast together again, one-on-one this time, the scene set in a bar in a sordid district of San Francisco where trannies loiter the streets at night, drug deals run rampant and police cars patrol every block. You were playing the role of a bartender and I was playing the role of the last patron, revving up to get twisted once again with each other in front of the camera. You were standing behind the bar. I was sitting on a stool across from you. A black frame bordered a mirror behind you. Another mirror covered the length of the wall behind me. Liquor bottles lined glass shelves. Black leather covered the stools. The floor was a checkered black and white. It seems that wherever there's raunch, there's black. One is synonymous with the other—dark, depraved, the depths of carnality contrasting with the uplifting white of love.

Once again, I would've expected more direction from the director. What I got was the director huffing and telling me, "You're the last guy in the bar. Go from there."

What I got from you, Jordan, was unexpected, too. You weren't entirely there when you first walked into the bar. You didn't look at me or say hello. You didn't hug me. We had done one video together before this, but our history went beyond that. You used to come to my home, share my bed. You would fuck me, yes, and sometimes, the best times, we would lie together and kiss, kiss and talk, fully clothed. We didn't just explore each other's bodies. We explored each other's mouths, each other's faces. That was how I got to know the softness of your cheeks, the warmth of your neck against my lips, the way you kissed. You liked to bite my lower lip, softly, and then gently slide your tongue into my mouth and wet my own with

your saliva. I liked to kiss your eyelids, feel your lashes tickle my chin, rub our noses together as a child does when discovering for the first time what it means to touch another human being. And in those kisses, you revealed yourself to me: you lost your father and your brother in a car accident when you were nine; together with your mother you loved to plant flowers that drew butterflies and hummingbirds to their color and bees to their nectar; you once rode your motorcycle naked across the Palm Springs desert to bask in the kiss of the sun, the caress of the sand.

The day of the porn shoot, you were distant, not the distance of a stranger, rather the distance of someone leaving without saying good-bye. You were cutting me off and I didn't know why. Perhaps you had a reason. When two guys hook up over the Internet, that's all it's supposed to be—a hookup, one night of instant gratification, sometimes several nights of repeated gratification if the connection's right. Nothing more. That was how it started out between us. But at times we stumble away from the groin and plummet into the messy pit of the heart. Such is the emotional dynamite when chemistry simmers.

You're the last guy in the bar. Go from there.

You took two shot glasses from under the bar and filled them with vodka, one for me, one for you. We downed our drinks. You burped cockily into my face.

Me: Thanks for the drink. Where is there to go at a time like this? I'm fucking horny, man.

You: It depends. What are you looking for?

Me: Someone like you.

You: You might not have to go far. Take off your shirt.

Me: Now your turn. You: Fair enough.

I leaned across the bar and kissed you, and it was as though we were on my bed once more. Maybe I wasn't losing you after all. You closed your eyes. Our lips parted. You gently probed my mouth with your tongue. I lowered my head to your chest and buried my face in your pecs, teased your nipples with my teeth. And I sighed. I'm so much smaller than you, Jordan. When you embraced me, your entire body ate me up in one greedy swallow. I glanced sideways. At the opposite end of the bar, across the pool table where the light was dim, the director was watching, arms crossed over his chest—a shadow. He wasn't huffing. He wasn't peeved. I didn't detect niceness from him, either. I saw something more, something better. I saw a man who understood the euphoria and the pain of male bonding. His eyes met mine. In his eyes I could read his thoughts: This is too sweet for porn, too caring, too loving. But it's fucking beautiful.

You walked out from behind the bar, over to me, had me balance on all fours on a stool, yanked off my jeans and my boots—I almost

toppled off the stool—and shoved your face between my buttcheeks and licked and lapped and kissed and sucked, wet me up for penetration with gobs of spit.

Then it was my turn.

You lay spread-eagled on the bar, on your stomach. Your ass was as round as sculpted marble; your thighs were half the size of my torso; your hole was twitching for my attention—the stuff of fantasies. Then again, you're a big name in the industry. I didn't know that until one night you told me your "other name"—your nom de porn. The day after, I Googled that other name. My computer screen popped up with page after page of your alias, video credits and pics.

Of all the pics of you growling at the camera over your shoulder while showing off your fuzzy buttocks, stroking your glistening cock, flexing your rippling muscle, my favorite is this—you in a T-shirt of Popeye flexing his biceps while clenching a pipe, your face beaming with a smile. You're gorgeous when you're naked. The whole world knows you're gorgeous. But when you smile, you're perfect.

Later, on the phone, you laughed and said, "Yeah. I've been around for a while."

Now, lying before me, was the unreal deal, the other you. I parted your buttcheeks with an eager tongue, shoved it as deep as I could, relished the taste and feel and smell of your moist insides. My nose was wet from the perspiration on your asscrack. You had been riding your motorcycle all day, and I felt the heat from the cycle seat on your butt, tasted your manly muskiness. You turned your face sideways, toward mine. I could see you puckering your lips and I could hear your *oohs* and your *ahhhs*.

And then the fuck: you rolled over on your back and I stood on the bar. I lowered my asshole onto your fat eight-incher. Your Prince Albert was lubed with precum.

"Rip me up, man," I said as I rode, slowly at first, and then building momentum so that I was slapping my asscheeks against your groin.

"You want it?" you teased.

Fuck, yeah, I want it. For always. I'm your bitch. Forever.

You shoved me from behind onto the bar, doggie-style, fucked me harder, then pushed me down so that I was flat on my stomach and the weight of your manly frame was on top of me. I was losing myself in your warmth, your muscles, your spit, your sweat, your tears, your piss, your butt skank. I fuck with other guys. You fuck with other guys. We're dude sluts and that was what brought us together in the first place, a pair of goddamn manwhores.

That afternoon, though, nobody else mattered.

I tightened my sphincter.

"Ahhhh!" you yelled. You fucking yelled. Your cum gushed out of your pulsating cock, filling my bowels with its hotness. But you didn't stop. You pumped some more, and kept pumping.

There it is, now—an instant between us videotaped for posterity, a testimony of my absolute surrender to your manlove. What the world will never see are the private nights when you possessed me. Once the sun rose and you walked out my door, you probably never gave me a second thought. But for the hours when the rest of the world was dead to us, when the only two people alive were you and me, you would look at me with your gorgeous smile—part mischievous imp, part tender lover—and I never doubted the sincerity of your pleasure in feeling yourself one with my muscle, with my body, even with my soul. It was always my pleasure to let you inside of me, as deep as you wanted to go. Whether you were gentle or whether you plowed away, it was my honor to move with the rhythm of your body. Yes, my goddamn honor, because it was you I was letting into the most private, sacred crevices of my inner being. You, Jordan, you.

I wasn't losing you. Not entirely. We met from time to time after that shoot. A year later, you took me for an evening ride on your motorcycle. The helmet you made me wear had all sorts of piggish trash scribbled on it: CUM DUMPSTER...RAW ALPHA-SLUT...JOK FUCKER...BUTTHOLE BUDDY...

It was autumn. If it was cold, I don't remember. We weren't wearing jackets, just flimsy T-shirts. I asked, "What do I hold on to? You?" You said, "That's pretty much it."

As I wrapped my arms around you, you raised them higher so that my hands were on your chest, and you squeezed your fingers around mine, goading me to pinch your nipples throughout the ride. Streetlights were shining like gold under violet water. Friday night revelers crowded outside of bars, distant as onlookers gaping into a fish tank. That was how it felt in tandem with you, whizzing past strangers as the wind carried your voice toward me. It felt as if I were soaring on the crest of a wave.

We continue to meet. But it's always touch and go between us, and often our meetings start with a text message from you, out of the blue, a text message following weeks, months, of silence.

You: Hey big guy, what are you up to?

Me: Good to hear from you. At work right now. This weekend?

(That weekend...)

Me: Hey, Jordan. Love to get tribal with you.

You: (silence)

Me: Love being your porn whore.

You: :)

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN 1969

Dirk Vanden

Brad and I rented a place of our own, the top half of a duplex, on a street called Castro. Ours was in the middle of a group of brightly-painted two-story Victorian houses—most of them rented to gay men, many of whom stood in the street, or on front steps, or watched from their windows, as the Cosmos's Twin Bartenders, as we came to be known, moved in.

We were in love, completely enthralled with each other. It was magic and wonderful, and we played it to the hilt. We walked hand in hand down Castro; stared at each other, moony eyed, holding hands over a sidewalk table at the Sagittarius, a gay coffee house near our apartment; chased each other naked in the surf out at "bare-ass" beach near Land's End. And we entertained hundreds nightly as we groped and goosed each other behind the bar.

To love somebody and to be loved in return—that's what it's all about. That's what makes the whole rotten world worth putting up with. When you're in love, life is heavenly. When you're out of love, life can be hell. At the moment, Brad and I seemed to be sharing paradise.

For the first time in my life, I had a partner I could *share* it with. Even though we quickly learned that we were two very different people, there were many things we both enjoyed—the same movies and TV shows, the same kinds of food and, most importantly, the same kind of people. And he would actually listen when I talked. He was interested in what I had done and where I had lived.

I was fascinated by this man who looked so much like me, but was so very different. He had grown up in California, moving up and down the state, settling wherever his carpenter father could find work in the postwar housing industry. He had lived in most of the large cities of the state. And he had been gay since high school—when he'd been seduced by the boys' phys-ed coach.

I'd spent most of my young life as a sheltered Mormon farm boy, in a very Mormon community in Idaho. After two years at Brigham Young University, I decided against going on a Mission, and went to work on a cattle ranch in Colorado instead—where I'd met Brad.

Since Brad had been my first, the one to "bring me out," as he called it, we decided we were meant to be.

At first, it was fantastic, having sex with someone whose body looked and felt so much like my own, whose cock liked the same things my cock liked. Brad was a fantastic cocksucker—he'd taught me, originally—so we usually ended up having a sixty-nine. It was the fulfillment of a boyhood fantasy—of sucking myself off. Fucking myself in the face. Brad had remarked that it seemed the same way for him.

But after a while, things started going wrong. Brad wouldn't be able to get a hard-on for me, no matter how long or deep I sucked, or I'd have to strain to come when I was fucking him because he seemed bored or distracted. We took turns being "too tired," or having headaches.

That's when the *silences* began. Sometimes days would pass before we would talk to each other about anything not absolutely necessary. It was hard to figure out what had started the silences; I'd wake up in the morning, already annoyed because he was banging around in the kitchen, or vacuuming the front room, or doing something noisy. Whenever he got really pissed off at me, he would clean house—and for some reason, that made me furious. I *hated* cleaning house—so when I watched him intently and silently scrubbing and polishing everything, I hated him.

And I hated myself for hating him.

And we both started getting jealous. Inevitably, in a gay bar like Cosmos, customers have their favorite bartenders—usually because they want to have sex with them—and I found myself getting irritated whenever some customer seemed to prefer Brad to me. What, I wondered, did Brad have that made him preferable to me?

He seemed to be having the same problems with my favorite customers. From time to time I would catch him glowering at two of us, laughing or joking. I caught myself deliberately embellishing some conversation with a hot customer, simply because I knew it was pissing Brad off.

And it wasn't just affecting the two of us—one night I heard someone remark, "You know, I'm getting just a little bit sick of those two assholes. I mean, just because they can't get along is no reason for me to get snapped at. Let's go someplace else."

Then one Monday night—Brad's night off—Ash and Dave, Cosmos's owners, came in and said they wanted to talk to me. I already knew what they wanted to talk about: Brad and I were ruining their business. We were letting our problems affect the customers.

"What's wrong, Warren?" Ash asked. "What's happening with you

guys?"

"Frankly," I said, "I don't think that's any of your fucking business."

They looked at each other, obviously startled by my attitude.

"In fact," I said, feeling furiously reckless, "I am *sick* of your fucking business. I am sick of the whole fucking *gay* thing. Brad was right. It isn't a fucking bit *gay*."

I took the large set of keys from my belt-loop and tossed them onto the bar, then grabbed my jacket and hat. "You know my address. Just send the check there." I stomped out and slammed the door after me.

The instant I stepped into the alley and heard the door close behind me, I knew I had just pulled the stupidest trick in my life. I knew Ash had just tried to be friendly and helpful—and surely had no intention of firing me. But I hadn't been able to stop myself. For weeks now, the pressure had been building and building, and I'd finally exploded without thinking. I knew I ought to go back in and apologize—sit down and tell them honestly what was wrong. They had been together five years; maybe they could give me a clue as to what was happening.

But I couldn't go back. I tried to reach for the door handle, but my arm refused to work. I couldn't go back in after my idiotic dramatic exit.

So I drove around for a while, trying to figure out what to do—whether or not to go back to the bar, or to go home and tell Brad what had happened—try to get him to talk about what was wrong between us—or just get so fucking drunk I wouldn't care about anything.

I decided to go home. Right now, the important thing wasn't the bar or my job, or even my frustration—the important thing was *us*, the two of us, our relationship—whatever the hell that was. The trouble was, there were no definitions. Neither one of us really knew what to expect of the other. We weren't husband and wife—but what were we?

The lights were out in the apartment. There were no notes to indicate where Brad had gone, or when he expected to be back.

I sat for a long time in the dark kitchen, drinking several beers as I imagined all sorts of things he could be doing: cruising the parks, sucking cocks through those "glory holes," fucking some new lover. He wasn't expecting me to be home until three o'clock, so he could be almost anywhere, doing almost anything.

I decided I was only making things worse by sitting in the dark, brooding. There was a possibility that Brad had gone to the market for something and had met one of our neighbors, or an old friend. They could have gone into the Shoo-Fly, a neighborhood gay bar right around the corner. I decided to check it out.

The bartender looked up and grinned. "Back so soon?" "What?"

He leaned across the bar confidentially. "What happened? Didn't he dig getting tied up?"

"What? What are you talking about?" But, as soon as I'd said it, I knew what he was talking about: he thought I was Brad.

"Oh, come on, honey, don't give me that innocent shit. He was hot."

"Sorry," I said. "I didn't think you were watching that closely."

"Honey, I've got eyes in the back of my head. What'll it be, beer or booze?"

"Well, neither, actually. You just gave me what I came in for."

"My goodness. I must be good. I didn't even notice."

"I'm not who you think I am."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, that's a fact."

"Then you must be his twin brother, honey."

"No, I'm his lover. And, thanks to you, I know where he is—or at least what he's doing. Thanks a lot—honey."

For just a moment, he looked contrite—almost ready to apologize. Then he started to laugh. "Oh, shit. It's you, isn't it? You're them. Oh, this is just too delicious for words. Was he cheating on you? Yes, he was, wasn't he? We had heard rumors—ugly, ugly rumors. But, I mean, you have reason to be upset, don't you?" He laughed triumphantly. "My dear—you have my condolences. Not all of them, mind you, but a great big gob of them." The phone started ringing and he walked away laughing, to answer it. "Shoo Fly. We're open for business. Cum and get it. Who is this? Mom? No, really, who is this?"

I went home and gave myself a deep enema, then showered and put on my tightest pair of Levi's, thinking, *It's sauce for the gander time*.

As I drove along Folsom, a car pulled out of a parking space in front of Leather Country. Without even thinking, I made a U-turn and parked. For a minute, I sat staring at the doorway to the bar, trying to decide whether or not I really wanted to go in. There was a tap on the window, and I turned to see a guy standing there in full leather-biker regalia, looking at me with a shitty grin. I rolled down the window. "Yeah, what's your problem?"

His smile vanished. "Actually, sir, it's *your* problem." He reached into his jacket pocket and brought out a black leather pass-case, which he flipped open to reveal a silver shield—from the San Francisco Police Department. It looked real. "Would you step out of the truck, please? Lean on the hood with your hands where I can see them, and spread your legs...please."

I did as he said, my heart pounding insanely. "What did I do?"

Without answering, he ran both hands over my back and down my sides, then up the insides of my legs. There was no doubt that his hand paused a little too long when it moved over my ass, then my cock and balls. The sonofabitch was copping a feel.

"May I see your driver's license?"

I stood up and fumbled for my wallet. My hands were shaking as I withdrew the license and handed it to him. "Could you tell me what it is you think I did wrong?" I asked.

"Did you know that U-turns are illegal here?"

"U-turns? You're kidding. This is about a U-turn?"

"U-turns are extremely dangerous in areas like this."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I just saw the parking space and there weren't any cars coming."

"Kind of anxious to get inside, were you?" He nodded toward the bar.

I was beginning to suspect that this was some kind of elaborate pickup routine. "Not really."

"I'll have to give you a ticket," he said.

I watched him walk to where his bike was parked and take a clipboard from a saddlebag. Something else was wrong. That wasn't a police motorcycle. As he came back toward me, I couldn't help but notice a large bulge in his tight leather pants.

"Your bike isn't quite regulation, is it?" I asked. "Or your uniform." "No," he said quickly. "It's my own bike, not the city's. I'm off duty.

But that won't stop me from giving you a ticket. Sign here, please."

"What would stop you?" I asked—and my heart started pounding again. I knew I was doing something incredibly stupid and dangerous, but I was drunk and very angry with the world.

He lowered the clipboard. "What's that supposed to mean?"

I stared at his crotch very pointedly and said, "I don't know. I just wondered."

"You see something down there that interests you?" he asked coldly.

I looked up—into cool green eyes—then back at his crotch, at the bulge, which had grown slightly. "Well," I said, "yes. As a matter of fact."

"You know I could arrest you for that?"

"For what?" I asked innocently. "What did I do?"

He chuckled. "You're a gutsy one, aren't you?

I shrugged, still staring at his crotch. He adjusted his stance so I could see it even better in the light from the streetlight. There was no doubt that he had a very large cock—and it was very hard.

"You like that, don't you?" he asked.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My prick," he hissed.

"It's very big," I said.

"You got that right," he said. "Do you want it?"

"Not if you're going to arrest me...or give me a ticket."

He studied me carefully, up and down several times. "Do you have someplace to go?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you want to take me there?"

"Yes."

He took my driver's license from under the clip and started to give it back—then he slipped it into his jacket pocket and zipped it up. "I think I'll keep this until we get where we're going. Okay?"

"Anything you say, sir," I said, feeling giddy.

"That's right, friend. You've got the idea. *Anything I say.*" He patted my arm. "I'll follow you home."

As he lowered himself onto the seat of his bike, he adjusted his hard cock so he could sit comfortably—then looked up at me with a shitty grin and squeezed it with both hands. "Okay." he called. "Let's haul ass."

Brad had been home and gone out again.

His denim jacket lay on the bed, and the closet was open; he had changed to his leather jacket. The cocksucker had finished with one trick and had gone out for another.

"You live with someone?" the cop asked.

I turned to face him. He had taken off his jacket and cap and tossed them onto a chair by the bed, and was standing with his hands in his back pockets, grinning that shitty grin. His leather outfit looked like it had been painted on his muscular body. His hair was almost a steel-gray, cut very short against his skull. He was the physical prototype of the ideal cop—the one you pictured, as a kid, defending the helpless and innocent against the forces of wickedness and evil. But not with a basket like this one had.

I tossed Brad's jacket into the closet and closed the door. "Not anymore," I said. "You want a drink?"

"Got any beer?"

"Several cases." I started out toward the kitchen.

"Hey, wait. C'mere."

As I turned, he spread his legs wider. With one hand he milked down his cock while his other hand beckoned me to come to him.

I went back. He took my hand and pressed it over the bulge. It surged, then grew under my fingers.

"You like that?"

"No," I said, massaging it, "it's too fucking big."

He laughed. "You'll manage. What's yours like?"

"Feel it and see."

"Not just yet, friend. We'll get to that later. Just show me. Take your pants off."

"Let me get the beer first."

"No," he snapped. "Take them off now. I want to see how big your prick is. I want to look at that nice round ass I'm gonna stick my big prick up inside and give you the fuck of your life."

"Not this cowboy," I said. "I'm a virgin there. Don't worry, I'm a very good cocksucker. You can shove your big prick there."

He chuckled. "Oh? A virgin? I don't believe it for a minute, Snow White, but...we shall see."

"Let me get the beer..."

"Get undressed first."

He sat on the edge of the bed and watched me undress. When my cock flipped up as I took off my shorts, the cop said, "Well, well. Not bad. Not bad at all."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"Nowhere near as good as mine, but...nice." He stood up and pulled me to him, turning me so that my ass pressed against his crotch and his hairy, muscular arms tightly embraced my chest and stomach. I could feel his hot breath on my neck, in my ear, and I closed my eyes and allowed the sensations to overwhelm my body.

Click.

I tried to pull away, but one wrist was already handcuffed, and he held the other one painfully. The other cold band of the cuffs clipped over it. *Click*.

"Hey."

He shoved me onto the floor, facedown. Then he was on top of me, his weight on my shoulders, his knees in the crooks of my arms, pinning me helplessly. He grabbed my legs and I felt something being wrapped around my ankles. I tried to yell but he sat on my head, pressing my face into the rug, wrapping my belt around my ankles, then cinching it.

Then he sat up. Instantly I started to yell, but one huge hand clapped painfully over my mouth. He jerked my head back, and I felt something cold and hard just under my cheekbone. It was a gun.

He leaned close and whispered intensely: "One more move like that outa you, Snow White, and you're dead meat. You got that? I mean, your queer brains will be spattered all over this fucking faggot apartment. Understand?"

I tried to nod, but he held me too tight.

He eased his hand off my mouth—but the gun muzzle pressed even harder against my face.

"I said: *Understand?*" he demanded.

"Yes." I could hardly hear my own voice. My heart was pounding and the room seemed to be exploding with colors and noises.

"That's a good boy." I could feel the gun at my cheek twitching, as though the hand holding it was shaking.

He let my head down very slowly, his hand cupped under my chin—sweating and hot. Then he stood up. The toe of his boot eased under my belly and lifted up, rolled me over onto my back. I looked up into a flushed face—wide green eyes—and a tight, menacing grin.

The man was insane.

It was written all over his face.

And the way he held the gun—leaning down, pointing the muzzle between my eyes—I knew that he wanted to kill me.

He took a deep breath. "Now..." he said quietly, "if you just behave yourself...we're gonna have ourselves a little fun. But you have to behave yourself, Snow White, or it's all over. Bang. You're dead. Too bad. Now tell me you'll be a good boy."
I closed my eyes and nodded.

"No..." he said. "I asked you to say it."

"All right."

"All right what?"

"I'll be good."

"No. Say 'I'll be a good boy ... Master.'"

I looked up at him, convinced of his madness.

"Say it."

The gun touched my forehead.

"Say. It."

"I'll be a good boy..."

"Master. Say it. Say it, goddammit, or you're fucking roadkill."

"Master," I whispered.

"Good." He sighed and took the gun away, breathing heavily. "Yes, that's very good. Because I don't really want to kill you...just yet." He ran his fingers up my cock, and it jumped at his touch. "A dead one doesn't do that," he said, and stroked it again. "You see...it's very important...that you remember... always...that I am your master. Absolutely. That's my job. It's a case of natural selection, you see. I'm superior to you, and that's why I'm a cop. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes..."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes. Master."

He nodded—and his hand moved slowly up my stomach to my chest. "If you were superior, then you'd be a cop too. That's obvious, isn't it? So you have to trust me completely—because I know what's best for you. And so, if I tell you to do something—or say something—then you just have to do it, or say it, because I know what's best for you." He stood and smiled down at me—like a teacher who has finally got through to a stupid child. "Where did you say the beer was?"

"In the refrigerator...in the kitchen...Master."

He smiled triumphantly. The toe of his boot toyed with my balls. "You like that, don't you?" He pressed his foot even harder on my nuts. "Don't you?"

The pain took my breath away, but I said, "Yes...Master."

"Oh, shit, that's beautiful." he whispered. "You be a good boy, now. Please don't try to escape while I'm gone—or I'll just have to punish you." He twisted his foot on my nuts and I gasped. Then he casually walked out of the room.

I heard him in the kitchen, opening the refrigerator—the clink of beer bottles...

I tried to think clearly while he was gone—tried to decide what to do. He had me helpless—my wrists were handcuffed behind me and my feet were wrapped together with my belt. If I had time, I could probably get my feet out of the belt—but I didn't have time. There

was no way I could get out of the handcuffs without a key. I had no choice but to try to please him.

All I could do was hope that he wouldn't decide to shoot me *after* he'd had his fun.

But I tried to believe that he wouldn't go that far. I reasoned it out that he wouldn't be able to justify shooting me—not naked and handcuffed in my own apartment.

If only Brad would come home.

I heard footsteps coming down the hall, then the cop came in with two beers—and something else: a can of Crisco. He grinned at me, then sat on the bed and guzzled the first bottle down without breathing. He belched loudly and started on the second bottle—now playing with the lump in his crotch, which had gone soft—always watching me with those cold green eyes. He unzipped his fly and pulled his prick out, then his balls. He was uncircumcised, and he toyed with his foreskin, teasing it open and closed over the large head—shining slickly where it peeped out. He ran his finger around inside the foreskin, over the ridge of his cockhead—sipping the beer—watching me.

He finished the beer and stood up. His cock arched out from his crotch, still limber, flopping back and forth as he moved. It was as big as I'd ever seen. Maybe bigger.

And, god, it excited me.

He excited me.

I thought: I'm as crazy as he is.

He lowered himself onto my chest, kneeling over me, slowly milking his flaccid prick in front of my face. "Make it hard," he whispered. "Make it hard for your Master."

I lifted my head and he guided his cock into my mouth—first the cold nozzle of foreskin, then the thick, salty, cheesy head—through my lips, down my tongue...

"Oh...Jesus..." he whispered. "Oh, yeah, suck on it. Suck that big cop-cock, Snow White. You got a cop's prick in your mouth. A great big fuckin' cop-cock in your fuckin' queer mouth. Oh, you queer cocksucker, suck on that big prick. Suck it, goddamn you."

He heaved himself over me and rammed his groin hard into my face—and I swallowed his incredible organ, all the way down. My body was tingling and twitching insanely as I swallowed and swallowed, milking his big prick, making it harder and harder inside my throat. He urged it in deeper and deeper until I couldn't breathe —I was swimming in blackness, retching uselessly—nothing could get past that big shaft down my throat. My lungs were on fire.

Then he pulled out—and it felt like he'd ripped my throat wide open. He raised up, pumping his cock, his big hairy balls dancing on my nose and my lips. Cop's balls. "Suck them." He commanded. I sucked one in, then the other—and they filled my mouth. Hot, hairy cop balls filling my mouth as he pounded his big prick above my open eyes.

He held my face and eased his balls out of my mouth, then worked his way down my body, backing up until my stiff cock touched the tight leather covering his ass—bent back painfully—and then slapped forward onto my belly. He laughed and grabbed my cock, twisting the skin until it felt like it was on fire. Then he twisted my balls. The pain coursed through my body with each twist, and I strained every muscle to keep from screaming—until finally, at the instant I thought I would pass out, he let go.

I sank back onto the floor, my body shuddering uncontrollably.

He turned me over, facedown, and ran his fingers over my ass. He pulled the cheeks open, opened the can of Crisco, dipped his fingers into it, and spread the cold grease all around my tense asshole. First one finger slipped in—then two—one from each hand—and he pulled the sphincter open...

Then his great body was over me—zippers and buttons cutting my skin—and I could feel the big head of his cock inching into my asshole. The feeling was nothing but raw pain, engulfing my body completely. Then, suddenly, the head was inside. I sobbed as he pressed it in deeper—and deeper—and I yelled.

Both hands grabbed my mouth. He rammed his prick all the way up into my guts. It felt like my body had split apart.

"Oh, Jesus." he whispered. "I'm in you, man. All the way up your ass. You got the biggest cock on the force up your ass, you queer sonofabitch. So you're not a virgin anymore, are you, Snow White? How does it feel? Does it feel good? Do you like it?"

I couldn't have answered, even if his fingers hadn't been crushing my jaw. The pain had become something else—a feeling so thrilling I couldn't even think.

Then he started a slow pumping, with his body pressed hard against mine, just his hips moving, his fantastic prick reaming my guts out. My own cock was about to explode.

I felt something cold on the back of my head. I knew it was the gun. The cop was breathing heavily in my ear as he fucked, and he whispered: "Okay...Snow White...are you ready? We're gonna...all shoot together. And you're gonna shoot...like you never shot before. Me...too."

"Warren."

A door slammed, something crashed, and a blurred, snarling beast collided with the cop, knocking him off me. I saw Brad's face for an instant—hideous with fury—as his fist crashed into the man's stomach. I heard them both land on the floor. Flesh slammed into flesh...and then silence—except for Brad's gasping for breath.

He crawled into the closet and grabbed some thin, elastic belts, which he quickly wrapped around the unconscious cop's wrists and ankles.

Then he stood up weakly, panting, and sat on the bed, looking down at me.

"Thank you," I whispered, and passed out.

I was lying on the bed when I woke up, still naked, but no longer handcuffed or tied. Brad was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching me anxiously. He was holding my hand, and when I opened my eyes, his fingers tightened around mine. "Are you okay?"

I grunted. "I'm still alive...I think. Where is he?"

Brad nodded toward the other side of the bed.

I leaned up and looked over—and laughed.

The cop lay on the floor, his arms behind him, apparently handcuffed, his ankles wrapped with elastic belts. A towel was tied around his mouth. His eyes were open, watching me cautiously as I peered over the edge of the bed.

I lay back on the bed and found Brad's hand and squeezed it tightly.

"Well." I said. "That was fun."

"You idiot." he yelled. "He almost killed you."

"Don't call me names. If you'd been home..."

He nodded quickly. "I'm sorry. I can explain everything."

"It's okay," I said, squeezing his hand. "You came home just in time. That's fine."

"What'll we do with him?" Brad asked.

I sat up on the bed and crossed my legs, yogi-style, and studied the cop. "I don't know," I said, knowing he was hearing every word. "What do you do with a crazy police officer who rapes you and almost blows your brains out? What do you do with such a total asshole?"

"We could blow his brains out—and call it self-defense. Who would know different?"

The cop made a strangled noise and tried to sit up.

"No," I said. "I couldn't kill anybody—even him. No, we've got to deliver him to his own..."

"Does Ash have a lawyer? Let's ask somebody what we can do so this sonofabitch never bothers anybody again."

"Nnnnnnn." The cop had sat up and was shaking his head desperately. "Nnnnnnn."

"I think he's trying to tell us something," I said.

"Be careful."

I slid off the bed, holding Brad's shoulders until my legs were stable under me—until the shooting pains had stopped searing my spine; then I searched for the gun. It was still on the floor where it had fallen in the scuffle. I picked it up and pointed it at its owner. "Take his gag off."

Reluctantly, Brad untied the towel and pulled a wad of material out of the cop's mouth—my shorts.

"Go ahead," the cop said. "Pull the fucking trigger."

I shook my head. "I really don't want to be a cop-killer—even though I'm sure I'd be justified. Justifiable homicide, isn't that...?"

"Oh, shit." the cop spat. "You couldn't kill a fucking mosquito with

that. Pull the fucking trigger and see."

"Don't do it," Brad said. "It's some kind of trick."

"Its no trick. They're fuckin' blanks. Go ahead, pull the trigger, blow my balls off."

"Yes, Master." I said, pointing the gun at his testicles and pulling the trigger.

He flinched as the trigger clicked—but nothing happened to his balls.

He took a deep breath. "They're all spent," he said. "You don't have to call anyone. Nobody got hurt. We had our fun. Now, untie me and let me go home."

"It was a game, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Of course it was."

"Just a game. You scare the shit out of somebody, you make somebody think you're going to kill them—and it's just a game?"

He nodded wearily.

I explained to Brad: "He hangs out by the leather bars and waits for someone he can hassle—I made a U-turn—then lets them think they can fuck their way out of a ticket. He goes home with them, ties them up, scares the shit out of them, rapes them—and then they wake up in the morning with the good officer's cold cum all over their bellies." I leaned over and asked him "Does that about cover it?"

He closed his eyes and nodded.

"Well, he fooled me." Brad said.

"Okay?" the cop asked. "Will you unlock these things now?"

Brad looked at me; I shook my head. "Ask us nicely," I said.

"Come on, for Christ's sake. We've had our fun...."

"No." I said sharply. "You had your fun. Now we are gonna have ours."

"Wait." Brad jumped up and hurried into the front room, then returned with a paper lunch bag. "This," he told me, "is why I went out tonight. It was for your birthday next week, but we can open your present early—if you want to." He extracted a baggie of marijuana. There were several already-rolled joints in the bag. He took one out and lit it. "Sit on him," he told me. He took a deep drag.

I sat on the man's crotch and watched as Brad bent over, took his face firmly between his hands, and kissed him, blowing the smoke into his mouth. To my surprise, instead of resisting, the cop sucked the smoke in—kissing Brad deeply in the process. He gave me the joint and I sucked it in, then kissed the cop, emptying my hot lungs into him. By the time we finished the joint, I was reeling.

"What was that stuff?" I asked.

"Sensimilla," Brad said. "The best there is. It's from Oregon. Happy birthday."

I laughed. "Happy fucking birthday to me." I stood up. "Help me get him on the bed."

We lifted him up—he offered no resistance—and plopped him down in the middle of the bed.

"Keep him busy," Brad said, and hurried out of the room again.

I knelt over him, dangling my cock in his face. It was dripping precum that made shiny trails across his nose and cheeks, like a snail. He opened his mouth expectantly, licking his lips. "Oh." I said. "You like that, do you?"

He moaned.

"Ask."

"Please..."

"Please what?"

"Please let me suck your cock."

"That's not what I meant. What do you call a superior being?"

His eyes opened wider and his mouth twitched. "Master," he whispered.

"Good boy." I said.

"Oh, Jesus," he moaned.

"That's what you wanted all along, isn't it?" I asked him.

"Someone superior to you. Someone even better than a San Francisco cop."

"Yesssss," he hissed.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Master."

I grabbed his face and shoved my cock into his open mouth. His body convulsed and he sucked my cock deep like a starving man, and lay there under me, swallowing and moaning. "That's what you wanted all along. Someone...superior."

"Here." Brad came back into the room holding several lengths of clothesline rope.

With my cock down his throat, I watched Brad unlock the handcuffs, then tie the cop's wrists to the bedposts—he offered no resistance, but held out his arms like Jesus on the cross, letting Brad cinch the ropes securely.

I withdrew from his throat, and then stood beside Brad, my arm around his shoulders, as we studied our prisoner. He contemplated us, looking confused, as though seeing both of us for the first time.

"Are you...really...lovers?" He asked.

Brad said, "What are you talking about?"

The cop shook his head, frowning. "The... two...of you," he said.

"You're out of your mind, mister," I said. "There's only *one* of us. You must be seeing double."

"Oh, Jesus." he moaned. "Oh, god." He closed his eyes tightly and lay there groaning.

As Brad undressed, I tied the cop's ankles to the same bedposts as his hands, bending him double, spread-eagled, with his ass in the air. I dipped my hand into the Crisco and swathed my cock with the grease, then knelt on the bed between the cop's legs and slowly eased it into the twitching asshole of one of San Francisco's Finest.

He moaned gratefully with each inch, until I was all the way up inside his body. His big cock was flipping like a fish out of water, slick clear fluid oozing out of the uncircumcised head, dripping onto his chiseled stomach. I smeared some more shortening on my hand and closed my fingers around his incredible cock and slowly massaged it, up and down, as he writhed, and his asshole ruffled and fluttered around my cock.

"That's *gorgeous*," Brad said, seeing the cop's cock hard for the first time.

"Isn't it?" I agreed. "A work of fucking art."

Brad laughed and got onto the bed, between the cop's spread legs and outstretched arms, and slowly urged his hard cock down the man's groaning throat—while I knelt between his legs, my identical cock buried up to the hilt in his ass. Brad grabbed my shoulders and pulled me to him and we kissed each other deeply as we explored and fucked the body between us. Both our hands could fit around his cock, so both of us jacked him off as we fucked him. Brad's mouth locked against mine and his tongue bathed my tongue, and I shoved my prick home up the officer's ass, and came, clutching Brad, kissing him intensely, as he shot his load deep into the man's throat. And then the cop came. His body convulsed between us and his cock spewed wild volleys of cop-cum all over all of us.

And then we collapsed.

After Dan, the cop, had gone home (we exchanged phone numbers and agreed to "do it again sometime,") Brad and I were lying on the bed, talking about what had happened.

"I'm...worried," I said.

"About what?"

"It bothers me that you're so damn *glad* that we've had our first threesome."

"But that's what was wrong, Warren," he said. "It was just you and me. And...after a while—I don't care how hot it is in the beginning—it gets cold. It gets routine...and that gets dull. With anybody. Straight or gay. Dave and Ash have threesomes and foursomes all the time."

"And fivesomes and sixsomes," I added. "Is *that* what it's going to take? I mean, it sounds like you're saying we have to have at least one other guy before we can have sex."

"Oh, no," he said quickly, squeezing my hand. "At least, I hope not. That'll happen spontaneously—but not every night, or even every week...."

"Well," I said, "I guess this means we'll be getting a lot of our old customers back—once word gets around we're available. As a *team*, right?"

"Right..." He snuggled against me. "We've got a whole new adventure ahead of us. Like Ash said, it's every gay guy's hottest fantasy to make out with brothers or twins."

"So...let's get out there and fulfill some fantasies."

"All those fantasies...so little time."

We laughed and he moved closer, resting his head on my shoulder. "We're so used to thinking that love and sex are the same thing," he said, "we can't separate the two things in our mind. Our bodies know the difference, but our heads are still back in those Sunday school lessons about never fucking anyone you don't love. That's strictly a church-control heterosexual trip, and doesn't apply. But, still, it's an automatic response—like we're programmed. When I came home tonight and heard voices from the bedroom, the first thing I thought was, He doesn't love me anymore.

"I know. I thought the same thing when that nellie bartender thought I was you."

"It's an automatic response—and it's stupid. Love and sex are two completely separate things. It's great when the two go together, but it's not the end of the world if they don't. I love you, whether we have sex or not."

"And I love you too," I said, putting my arm around him. "Actually...we're not really lovers."

He turned his head slightly on my shoulder, looking quizzical. "Oh?" $\$

"From the beginning," I said, "we were much more like brothers than lovers."

"Long-lost twin brothers," he said dreamily. "Separated at birth..."

"Gay brothers...getting to know each other," I finished. "In every way possible."

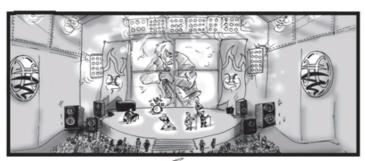
He chuckled.

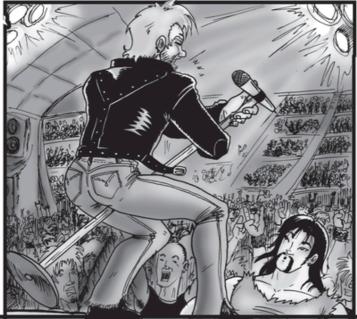
"What?"

"Feel..." He took my hand and put it on his cock. It was hard again.

"Mine too," I whispered, as I kissed him.

And it turned out I needn't have worried at all.





TOUCHED script: Dale Lazaroy art: Kardyman















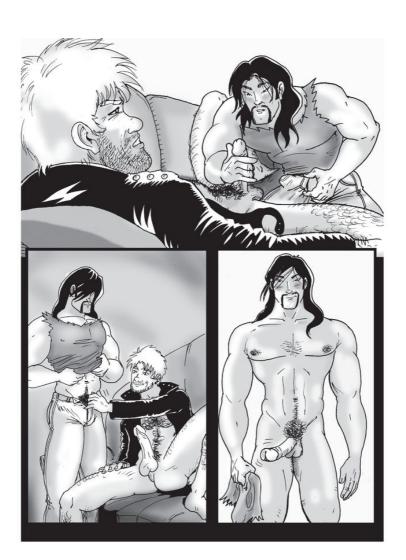




















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DIRK VANDEN (dirkvanden.net), born Richard Dale Fullmer, grew up a Mormon in the small town of Vernal, high in the Rocky Mountains of northeastern Utah. From 1969-1973, he published seven gay novels (including the *All* trilogy), several of which are still available on the web at outrageous prices.

ABOUT THE EDITORS

RICHARD LABONTÉ (tattyhill@gmail.com), when he's not skimming dozens of anthology submissions a month, or reviewing one hundred or so books a year for Q Syndicate, or turning turgid bureaucratic prose into comprehensible English for the Inter-American Development Bank or the Reeves of Renfrew County, Ontario, or coordinating the judging of the Lambda Literary Awards, or crafting the best croutons ever at his weekend work in a Bowen Island recovery center kitchen, likes to startle deer as he walks terrier/schnauzer Zak, accompanied by husband Asa, through the island's temperate rainforest. In season, he fills pails with salmonberries, blackberries and huckleberries. Yum. Since 1997, he has edited almost forty erotic anthologies, though "pornographer" was not an original career goal.

LARRY DUPLECHAN is the author of five novels, including *Blackbird* and the Lambda Literary Award-winning *Got 'til it's Gone*. His first novel, *Eight Days A Week*, was banned from the Illinois State Penal System for being "without redeeming social value." As you read this, he is very likely studying New Testament Greek or reading a gay erotic comic book on his iPad.

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For Asa, my own BGE

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